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XXVII. TRAVELS FROM HAMBURG, *through Westphalia, Holland, and the Netherlands, to Paris.* *By* THOS. HOLCROFT.

(Concluded from page 71.)

FROM this interesting work, we are tempted, on opening the second volume, to make further extracts, persuaded that the reader will be gratified with them. The character of Bonaparte is drawn with so much discernment and ability, that we shall transcribe it: the article is so curious, that for its length we make no apology.

"While exemplifying the question of credulity, I have, partly from necessity, but a little aukwardly, mingled it with that of church decorum. The latter having been so recently glanced at, this will be the proper place in which to give some account of the festival held on the birth-day of Bonaparte; as it will include, tho' incidental, a full portrait of the manners of the people in places dedicated to devotion.

"This festival is so replete with political event and association, that it might of itself afford a volume of interesting inquiry. Obliged as I am to give sketches so multiplied, and of things and manners so various, I must leave the task to other historians; and, in a brief abstract, suggest ideas for the reader to amplify at will.

"While, among the societies of Paris, the contrast and calm of peace after the storms of the revolution appeared to have wearied thought and imposed the torpor of sleep upon feeling, events which history will regard as multifarious and, should they acquire only some little duration, as changes of portentous augury, were accumulating in quick succession. Parties were attempted to be reconciled, opinions to be consolidated, islands subdued, kingdoms erected, republics made tributary, and the jealousy of nations overawed.

"All this was not sufficient employment for the intolerable restlessness of a gigantic reformer, who made, it is no improper metaphor to say, such a harlequinade mixture of new principles and of old, such a confusion of customs and opinions, such an awful infringement on the established claims of nations, on one hand, so that states and monarchies were astounded, and on the rights of their supposed enemies, the so lately potent republicans, on the other, who now lay humbled or, rather, trampled in the dust, that posterity will be astonished to hear of men who, in the very focus of this aggravating change and universal despotism, remained so supine.

"Those who were impelled to motion acted with the inane regularity of machines, the trembling obedience of slaves, or the still more pernicious hypocrisy of mercenary wretches, who consented to make themselves the mere instruments of a man so drunk with power, that his abused though mighty faculties had lost all just and discri-

minating sense. Talents, that might have been exercised to the immortal honour of their owners, by at least struggling for that poor portion of freedom which the nation is fitted to receive, were converted to uses the most vile: they were made subservient and employed to give plausibility to every extravagant scheme which the wildest phrenzy of ambition could engender, and to clothe every image of the most hateful and despotic oppression in the heavenly robes of justice, benevolence, and mercy.

"I know that men are the obedient engines of incontroulable impressions, or I should say, it is not the chief consul who must account to posterity for introducing poverty and dissention among the Dutch, or for enslaving the free and noble spirits that so long had guarded the now miserable mountains of Helvetia, but the cowards, the knaves, the tools, by which he was surrounded.

"Let me stop short, lest foul language, by which no man will be reformed, should degrade a cause so full of the majesty of mind, deplorable as is the state into which it is at present sunken. Well, well—may patient watchfulness, peaceful plans, benevolent exertions, and undaunted persevering fortitude, be the governing principles, the combined guide, and the consolation, of the wronged.

"Pervading and active as power seemed to be abroad, it was no less full of project, encroachment, and base selfish egotism, at home: exclusive family aggrandizement, imposts for the accumulation of family wealth, offices for the increase of family power, the Concordat, the Consulat à Vie, every thing that was personal and that could prove how entirely all public spirit was lost in the pitiful, the contracted, circle of self, were events so hurried together and mingled, that no man had time to ask, which is the most strange?

"To acquire more than the power of monarchs, was not sufficient; the forms and ceremonies observed by monarchs must be revived in France, lest there should remain some shade of doubt, some faint hope, that in time, when public affairs should have been somewhat restored to order, the representatives of the people, in other words, the popular and democratic part of the constitution of the 18th Brumaire, should regain a small portion of influence.

"Footmen in laced liveries had made their appearance at the Tuileries; the ceremonies of courts were introduced; the English envoy received notice that no Englishman who had not been presented at court to his majesty must be presented to the chief consul of France. Every stretch of innovation, every caprice and gluttony of newly acquired power, tormentingly suspicious that what it felt, and saw, and did, must surely be a dream, and every day inventing, as it were, to itself some new proof that it was real and absolute—these, I say, were all and each indulged, without curb or limitation.

"The man that had visited the public sittings of the national institute as a simple and unassuming member, had shown himself among and familiarly conversed with his fellow citizens, and had openly courted popularity, was become reserved, sat in seclusion, had no delight but in the visions of a mind which strange events had rendered wayward, and admitted no man to his presence who durst either speak or be silent.

"He wished to be a deity, and became incomprehensible. To-day, the mind figured him to itself as the phantom of 'moping melancholy;' to-morrow, as an unchained maniac, afflicted with 'moon-struck madness.'

"Who did not grieve for the lost hero? who did not lament the fate of France? who did not deplore the miseries which, by many were clearly, and by all were darkly, seen and felt to be accumulating, hovering over, and ready, no one knew when, to burst upon mankind!

"I have again mingled subjects that ought to have been kept distinct: I have been led too far to break off, and not pursue that which I have unintentionally thus begun—the character of the man who, by the disordered and wild accidents of the times, appears to have swallowed up all other men, and to stand aloof, they crawling in existence only at his mercy, and having no will, none of the attributes of men, nor of their corporeal or mental faculties, deprived and robbed by him of that which distinguishes them from the reptiles that ruins and

that dunghills breed. When presumptuous power is thus absurd, thus frantic, indignation is virtue.

"This man and Europe appear to be identified: he is all France, and France is all Germany, all Italy, all Spain; and, were England engulphed by the sea, would be all the world. Miserable fate for England, who cannot discern that, were she only to forbear interference, the ponderosity of the machine must soon break it in pieces; and that, by her resistance, she gives it ligature and strength, and puts it into that motion which may, for a moment, suspend its ruin at the risk of her own, not by conquest, but from those accumulated burthens the aspect of which is already so awful.

"To consider this ponderous mass, or, rather, this incredibly concentrated essence of power, this chief consul, in detail, to give anecdotes, and offer pitiful pictures, of how he got up in a morning and how he laid down at night, is almost a degradation of the common feelings rouzed in mankind; which, so worked upon, scarcely can endure the prattle of a coffee-house or the gossip of a private circle. Curiosity, however, is a creature of insatiable appetite, and will slander those by whom it is not gratified.

"To retrace that quick succession of military prodigies, as they were coloured and spread through Europe from the journals of France, which Bonaparte first achieved in Italy—to collect the patriotic sentiments and apparently virtuous motives, which certainly had in them much of reality, and to sketch, however feebly, the sensation the astonishment every where produced, and the exalted hopes entertained by France of her young, her miraculous, hero—is now scarcely possible. Of republicans, he was the first, the most magnanimous, and the least to be suspected: the love of freedom, the emancipation of slaves, and the utter expulsion of bigotry, were the pictures he delighted to exhibit to the admiring world. Cæsar, nay Alexander himself, who professed to conquer only to civilize, appeared to be outdone by a stripling—a scholar from the military school; concerning whom his playmates began now to ransack memory, that they might discover in what he had differed from themselves.

"His enemies indeed affirm, this his first career in life was not so unsullied as his panegyrists have pretended. At Toulon, they assert, he discovered all want of compassion for the vanquished, seeking only to distinguish himself. When the sections rose, and the hesitating, jealous, directory confided their defence to him, he had no mercy on the flying multitude; but, when he might have scared them with the noise of powder, purposely directed his grape shot for slaughter. I have heard a man who is become his enemy deny this; but this man was once his defender; and, having then denied it, may be unconsciously swayed by self-respect. I pretend not to decide.

"His marriage, they farther say, which marriage in every sense they describe as an act of vice, was the condition under which he obtained from Barras the chief command in Italy. There are facts which so strongly support this charge, that impartiality knows not how it can be wholly discredited; the age of Madame de Beauharnois, Barras, and—Pshaw, the story is public enough.

"Distant nations did not immediately hear these tales, and could only develope the character of the conqueror of Italy from his own public documents; which, though they were not pure and unmixed virtue, often breathed a noble spirit; and the most rigorous scrutinizer must allow it would indeed have been unexampled, had the same person at once shone forth in all the prodigies of heroic youth and all the maturity of profound wisdom and unmixed virtue.

"The unhappy period at length approached, that was to shew him a character of vice and virtue so dangerously combined, as to alarm penetration, and warn the world to beware. He landed in Egypt; and, by a stroke of his pen, he and his whole army became musselmen.

"Every doubt was then removed; he was a man to whom, could he but gain the end in view, all means were good.

"I know there are wise men who have treated, and perhaps continue to treat, this as a trifle; a war stratagem; a means even proper to be taken by every conqueror.

"With conquerors, I do not pre-

sume to argue; they are too mighty for me. With men of wisdom, I am sorry to differ; but the certainty I at the time felt that ambition, and not the love of man, was the despotic passion of the mind of Bonaparte has been but too fatally verified. From that moment, I examined his actions with a different feeling; and the given clue never again escaped the hand. My opinions concerning him were rejected, as strange, by the multitudes who so long continued to be his admirers. Many of them now will not allow him to possess the commonest talents: I admire him still, as one whose extraordinary faculties have all been called into impetuous and incessant activity, and all made subservient to one devouring passion.

"It is the turn and concurrence of circumstances that give the powers of man their direction, stamp his character, and reconcile him to courses of action; such, even, as he may have once held in abhorrence. In all the ardour of youth, when the intemperate imagination knew not where to rest, before principles had been fixed by experience, yet not till after a burning thirst of fame had been excited in him, Bonaparte found that dangerous engine, that corrupting agent, that implement of human misery, an army at his command; prompt to effect whatever purpose his rapid genius should conceive. He soon discovered the necessity there was to give that colouring to events that might produce the effects intended; to conceal, to deceive, to fix the attention on false points, to flatter peasants, to speak to princes in the lofty tone of menace, to spur the soldier to attack by the hopes of plunder, to hang him afterward for the crime, to promise friendship to the vanquished, and then to raise contributions, and strip them of all they esteemed most precious, these soon became the common-place daily occurrences of his life. Oh! had his genius received another direction, had he been impelled with no less force into the paths of wisdom and benevolence, what a blessing to the world would he have been?

"In Egypt, he found a race much more ignorant, more depraved, and, therefore, still more addicted to the arts of deceit, than in Italy; and he bent all his powers to the task of overcoming them in every manner. Could they fight?—He conquered them as well in valour as in sagacity. Could they mislead, lie, and wear the mask of hypocrisy?—Even in this, they were not his equals.

"Still, his mighty mind, occasionally, gave public proofs of the warnings and the impulses it received from truth. To the man of discrimination, there are passages in his state papers that show with what force it struck him, and prove his momentary grandeur of thought. To this hour, changed as he gradually has been, and loaded as his horizon is with the blackest clouds of splenetic ambition, it still now and then emits a transient beam.

"But the most fatal of all the circumstances which have unfitted him for the task he has assumed to himself, which is no less than that of governing Europe, is, that he has been habituated to the command of armies.

'To move a multitude, so that some great end may be achieved, it is necessary that not a man among them, the commander excepted, should have any will, any power of consideration, any impulse or motion, but that which he receives.

"Experience having proved to the chief that he is capable of so effectually directing such a mass as that mankind repeatedly have regarded with astonishment the combinations of the individual which have produced these wonders, he entertains in himself no doubt of his decided superiority to all other men: he conceives himself to be little less than infallible, holds his own views and opinions in veneration, and cherishes the rapturous vision of giving the word of command to states, and of exciting amazement still much greater throughout the world.

"While thus he dreams, nothing is more easy than the imaginary reforms he is to effect, nothing more simple than the means, nothing more wonderful than that they had not been effected long before.

"Accustomed to gain the grandest advantages by secrecy of plan, celerity of action, and those stratagems that best can mask and mislead, the same habits remain, and the same means

are adopted, when the conqueror seizes on the rule of states as when he sends forth his cohorts to the plunder of cities and the capture of provinces. He alone must project, he alone must command, reward and punishment must be at his sole disposal, no community, no single creature, must act but as he wills. That to make his will known is impossible, that it varies in himself from day to day, that men cannot resign their intellect, cannot resist the impulses of habits and the decisions of the judgment, and that the task of regulating the actions of millions by the will of an individual is the most extravagant and absurd of attempts, are truths of which he has no knowledge, or has lost all recollection.

"Memory cannot conjure up, nor can sagacity divine, all the disadvantageous propensities which the chief consul brought with him into office: these have been so aggravated, by circumstances which he did not foresee, by difficulties abroad, opposition at home, the abject flatteries of adulation, the justice of censure, the scurrility of abuse, the impossibility of enforcing obedience to all his commands, and the mass of resistance, which he had assured himself he should find so feeble, that they have fixed in his mind evil habits of such force and obstinacy, that they are beyond the hope of cure.

"From the day of my arrival at Paris to the last hour, I omitted no endeavour, nor lost any opportunity, by which I might understand the character of a man who had been considered almost a miracle which it was not easy to comprehend.

"A parade was held once in each decade; and this, as a show of which he made a part, the people flocked to see. In private, I seldom heard his name mentioned: there seemed little inclination to praise him or to blame; but that he had the suspicions of a man who was considered as a usurper, or who considered himself as such, was evident. If he went to the playhouse, it was not known what streets he would pass through: different turnings were taken at different times; the horsemen that preceded him hurried all obstruction from his passage: the door that he entered at was surrounded by guards; the avenues from the Palais Royal that led to it were shut; and no person was allowed to approach.

"I was not in Paris till after the attempt had been made upon him by the infernal machine; and he appears never since to have had any confidence but in his guards. Stories were in circulation concerning his fear of poison, his change of beds, and other unquiet precautions; but I know nothing of their truth; I only found his seclusion was now so great, that I could not hope to obtain a sight of his person, except at the parade. His motions were desultory; no notice was given when he went to the theatres, and when there, he so placed himself that he was little seen.

"The first anecdote I heard which regarded him, was one already related, of a woman who was seized for calling him the chief of a band of robbers. I was grieved, but not surprised. I shall recite others in the order they occurred.

"Fouché, at this period, was the protector of the republicans; and, while defending their cause, the chief consul one day answered him, with some asperity—

'The republicans do not love me.'

'True (replied Fouché); they say you are the high-priest of superstition; however, they remain quiet. But how do the emigrants, the royalists, and the priests, whom you protect, act?

"Fouché, then taking various papers out of his pocket, which contained proofs of the evil intentions of the parties he had named, added, 'look here, and here, and here: these papers will afford you sufficient information!'

"Immediately, at least soon after this conversation, Fouché addressed a paper to the prefect of Brussels, and I believe to other prefects, which appeared in the journals, and might be called a phillippic against the priests: it accused them of turbulence, intolerance, and practices unworthy of the morality of the gospel; and required that such conduct should be reproved, and in future prevented. This paper was no less offensive to one party than flattering to the hopes of the other: the Concordat was then first in contemplation, and the republicans would not suffer themselves to believe that

the country was again to be taxed for the support of a state religion. Bonaparte was of a different opinion; and I had it from indubitable authority, that Fouché was reprimanded, with marks of considerable dissatisfaction, and silence was imposed upon him: the viceroy must not govern the king.

"About this time, I heard that the chief consul would not suffer the least familiarity, and that his temper daily became more irritable.

"I occasionally met several Italians, most of them people of rank, and some who had been high in office: they all spoke of Bonaparte with bitterness; and related tales which, if true, would prove him to have been a treacherous tyrant at the time he began to command in Italy.

"When Bonaparte first came to Milan, professing himself the deliverer of a once great people, but now and long since miserably enchained by priestcraft and petty despotism, those who earnestly desired the emancipation and the happiness of their country received him with open arms. One of them, a Milanese nobleman of great influence, devoted his whole means and power to the cause which he supposed the French sincerely intended to promote; and, for that purpose, in giving aid to Bonaparte, by whom he was then treated with the most flattering attention.

"This nobleman had none but virtuous motives for his conduct; and he was too soon convinced that it was not for the cause of freedom which Bonaparte and the armies of France fought: the avarice of individuals, the plunder of rich and poor, and the worst of motives which selfishness, egotism, and national vanity, could inspire, were daily more and more apparent.

"After some reverse of fortune which the French sustained in Italy, Bonaparte once more came to Milan; and the indignant patriot, instead of again promoting the views of the conqueror, openly upbraided him with his want of good faith, his total dereliction from the cause of freedom, and with the atrocities committed or countenanced by him. The affront was unpardonable: to reprove a man who had armies at his command, though it shewed a noble and a virtuous fortitude, the loyal Milanese soon found was a fatal step: Bonaparte caused him to be seized, put him under a guard, and sent accusations of him to the Directory, accompanied by pretended proofs that he was a traitor to freedom and to France. The end of this tragedy was the death of the Italian: he was shot; and the passions of his enemy were shewn to be dangerous to the present and ominous to the future.

"This account I had from a man of rank and honour, an Italian, who assured me he absolutely knew all that he had related to be true.

"Oh that I could impress upon my countrymen a picture of the strong sense of injury, the bitterness of regret, and the determined hatred, indeed it is not too strong a word, against the French, as I found these feelings to prevail in Holland, and among all with whom I conversed, who were natives of any of the countries which, under the pretence of giving them freedom, have been tormented by these conquerors! There is not a man on earth who could truly witness this, and forbear to form the instantaneous wish that they might be for ever expelled, and confined to their own limits. I would not incite the world to take up arms for this purpose, but tranquilly to wait that course of events which, if suffered to proceed, were they not disturbed by calling the attention of the people of France to foreign occurrences and self-defence, would accomplish all that force will attempt in vain to effect.

"The Italians will never pardon France for having deprived their country of its noblest works of art: this is the only sacrilege of which, in general, they complain.

"The great Canova, a man who, as a statuary, is perhaps but little inferior to the ancients, has been sent for by Bonaparte to take his bust. The artist, I am told, is of no party in politics; devoting his life to the studies in which he delights, and on which his thoughts are intense, he has paid little attention to the fate of empires. To rob Rome, however, of the statues which were so lately her boast, and afforded the models on which he formed his taste, is a crime

he can never forgive: he openly acknowledges his dislike of the chief consul, has rejected all the offers made him to reside at Paris, and, while modelling Bonaparte, frankly told him, he was surprised to find himself in that place, and so employed.

"This is a little in favour of the consul: it appears that there are talents the dignity of which he respects; it is certain, however, that he is vindictive; and it may be that he fears to commit himself by any act of too public and too shameless persecution.

"That he has travelled far in this road, there are but too many indisputable proofs. The arbitrary manner in which, without any process or form of law, he has silenced every journal that contained but a paragraph to displease him is publicly known.

"The history of an individual who fell the sacrifice of this petty despotism was made known to me; not by himself, for I never saw him, but by a person who was thoroughly acquainted with the facts and the sufferer. It is not of sufficient importance to the character of a man whose tyranny no one contests to give the story in detail; I shall therefore reserve it for the appendix, except briefly here stating, that M. Mehée had been the editor of a paper entitled Journal des Hommes libres, which was silenced, in reality, because the first consul and the government were not sufficiently praised, put under the pretence that one of the ministry, I believe Talleyrand, had been libelled; that, in answer to an author who affirmed the fame of Cæsar was incontestible, whereas he was not certainly proved to have been a usurper, Mehée wrote a pamphlet to demonstrate that his usurpation was indisputable, but that his fame was very justly questioned; which pamphlet was immediately suppressed by government; that, the explosion of the infernal machine affording a pretext for arrest on suspicion, seven or eight hundred people obnoxious to government were confined, of whom Mehée was one; that he was released from the Temple on condition of living forty leagues from Paris; that his wife and friends obtained permission for him to return; that Mehée then undertook a journal entitled L'Antidote, in which the priests were attacked at the time that the Concordat was projecting; for which he was again sent to the Temple; and that, without any formal trial or legal authority, he was taken thence, conducted by two grenadiers to la Rochelle, and banished to the island of Oleron.

"Of the truth of these facts, I can have no doubt; I saw a letter, in his hand-writing, from that island after his banishment.

"Transportation without trial has been quite a common practice since the accession of Bonaparte. There are few people who cannot cite some friend or acquaintance who is of the number of sufferers.

"A dramatic author of Paris, named Dupaty, produced a short musical piece entitled Les Valets Maitres, which the pit maliciously thought proper to apply to the first consul. The piece was immediately prohibited, and the unfortunate writer put under arrest, and sent to a sea-port, with an order for transportation to Saint Domingo; and all this without the shadow or form of a legal process.

"There was more than common cruelty in this act of despotism. Dupaty was of a good family, and some of his nearest relations, who had possessed estates in that island, fell sacrifices to the negroes in the first fury of insurrection.

"Bonaparte had the shameless effrontery to say in public, on this occasion, that he had given dramatic writers a good lesson. It is even matter of some surprise, that the music was not treason to the tyrant.

"Authors of comedies, however, have their admirers and partisans in Paris; and the conduct of the consul was not a little reprobated. Madame Bonaparte therefore thought proper to intercede for Dupaty; and, under this colour, the sentence was pretended to be revoked. I afterward made several inquiries, but I did not hear that he was again allowed to return to Paris.

"Nearly at the same time, that is, in the spring of 1802, a drama made its first appearance at the Theatre de la Republique, written by an actor named Duval, and entitled Edouard en Ecosse. The subject was the dangers of the pretender during his flight and escape to France after the battle

of Culloden, and the piece was received with enthusiastic applause. The author was in transports of joy; his friends were fatiguing and half suffocating him with congratulations and embraces: of fame and full pockets, he could have no doubt, and the piece was posted for representation the next evening.

"The golden dream was of short duration: there was in the piece something that reminded Frenchmen of the misfortunes of royalty, the sufferings of the Bourbons, and the worth of fidelity in loyal adherence; and it was forbidden to be played any more, under the pretence that it was disrespectful to our sovereign. Instead of the honours and wealth that were certain to accrue from successive representations, it was intimated to the author that he must make a journey 'for the sake of his health;' and, bitter as obedience was, he respected his health too much to neglect this advice.

"La Harpe, for some imprudence, was banished from Paris, and ordered to reside at a certain distance. Every thing is imprudent in this country which has but a chance of offending government. Should a man whose habitual thoughts and actions are the most peaceable open his lips or venture to move without speaking and weighing his actions with all the timidity of caution, he is uncertain of what are the dangers to which he is exposed. I am no friend to the tergiversation, the late affected fanaticism, and the former revolutionary violence, of La Harpe; but, whatever he may have been, I am the determined enemy of persecution.

"A gentleman with whom I was acquainted, of great respectability, but who took no part in politics, has a brother, who, because he is known to be an unshaken friend to republican principles, is likewise exiled to his country seat.

"These are examples of mild banishment: the island of Oleron, which abounds with the banished, is a little more severe; however, it is not far from the coast of France; but whenever despotism takes any deep offence, islands far removed, and countries as cheerless to a Frenchman as they are unhealthy, are the receptacles of these victims, of many of whom no friend or relation ever hears more.

"Could it even be proved that the French cannot yet be governed but by force, by the bayonet, still, such acts as these must eternally be stigmatized as the most wanton despotism; which everlastingly did, and everlastingly will, merit and receive the execration of mankind.

"Volney had believed in the virtue of Bonaparte, had been his friend and admitted to his familiarity; and, being a sincere lover of freedom himself, he continued its defender. Not sufficiently aware of the effects which the exercise of power had produced, that remonstrance was become offensive, and difference of opinion an insult, he was one day endeavouring to convince the chief consul of the mischief he would do to mankind by again conferring power on the priesthood, admitting the smallest of its once usurped claims, and burthening people who were of a different creed with a general and unjust tax.

"Bonaparte replied—'Why do you mention the people? I do but act in this business according to their desire: a large majority of the people wish for the re-establishment of the church.'

"Forgetful of the possibility, or, perhaps, not suspecting it, that the truth which instantly occurred to his mind should so deeply wound the pride of a man whose supremacy was so recent, Volney answered—'Were you to act according to the will of the majority, you must immediately cede your power; the majority of the people would vote for the return of the Bourbons.'

"The rage of the chief consul was ungovernable: the common report is, that he instantly struck Volney, and ordered him from his presence; since which he has never again entered the palace of the Tuileries.

"No powers of mind can rescue the man who is the slave of anger from actions that are worthy only of a lunatic.

"Of what an opposite complexion is the following anecdote! In the true spirit of French declamation, some one affirmed, speaking to Bonaparte, that England was far behind France in truly understanding the

principles of liberty: to which he replied—'it would be well for the latter, if it did but enjoy one tenth part of English freedom.'

"He will seldom condescend to argue; and, when he does, he considers it as insolence in any one who dares to be of a different opinion.

"Music being one day the subject of discussion, he affirmed 'it is so simple in its principles, that no man can be ignorant of it who understands the mathematics; it was the most monotonous of studies, for it had no greater variations than may be found in different angles, obtuse and acute.'

"His opponent, a musical composer, replied—'I fear, citizen consul, this character of it can scarcely be just, since monotony is the thing that music can least endure.' To which the citizen consul answered—'It appears, then, you understand the subject better than I!' and turned away on his heel.

"He has the ambition to be, but is not, a good public speaker; I mean in manner; for he is said often to have a clearer view of the subject debated than better orators. When the question of divorce was under discussion, he played a trick which too maliciously exhibited the servile obedience of the pretended legislators of France.

"He was supposed to be the unqualified enemy of divorce; and, accordingly, Portalis opened the subject, before the members of the Tribunat, by an oration in which all the miseries attributed to that law were rehearsed, and declaimed against with violence. Others spoke to the same effect, till Bonaparte interrupted them, and began his speech by saying, or insinuating, they had not thought or spoken like philosophers, but with the partial and prejudiced views of a very opposite class; and went on to prove, that, though there were evils in the then law of divorce which called for remedy, there were in the thing itself benefits that ought never to be forgotten or neglected. Hearing this, the members who had not spoken reserved themselves for another discussion, and went home and re-wrote their orations; after which, the question of divorce was treated with all the discriminating respect any man could desire. This was a great triumph to the small party who had the courage to shew the least inclination in its favour." vol. ii. p. 290.

We now meet with a small head of Bonaparte, resembling that of Julius Cæsar; but Mr. H. again prosecutes the delineation of his character, beginning with his religion.

"Concerning the religious opinions of the chief consul, no man, it is said, can form any sound judgment: from his discourse, he might, at one moment, be imagined an infidel, at another, a deist, and, the next, perhaps, a christian. He is said to have told Dupuis, that he did not believe such a man as Jesus Christ ever existed. To Monge, an avowed infidel, who was expressing his disbelief of eternal punishments, the consul said, after reciting the names of various great men who had believed in the christian religion, and examples of others who in their last moments had changed their opinions from fear, that he, Monge, would certainly die a true believer.

"He appears to be rather a fatalist than a necessarian; for he believes, or affects to believe, in his favourable destiny.

"To contemplate greatness, to study till we understand it, and, when circumstances agree, to make it our model, can only be blamed when greatness is sullied by vice; but to become its professed ape, has something in it that shews a want of original power. There are various traits, public and private, that discover Bonaparte to have attempted to copy Alexander, while he was in Egypt, Cæsar, during his Italian campaigns, and Charlemagne, since he has assumed to himself the office and the powers of a ruler.

"When traversing the sands of Egypt and Syria, he did not forget the Libyan deserts: Alexander was then his model.

"He placed a large statue of Cæsar, allowed to be of excellent workmanship, fronting his apartments in the Tuileries, that he might have it in daily contemplation.

"Since the addition of Helvetia and the Cisalpine republic, the power of Charlemagne, extending over Europe, and his imperial dignities, have incessantly haunted his imagination.

Consul for life is a title so poor, that it appears to have become intolerable to thought. Need I insist on the imbecility with which he has aped the royal state?

"Suddenness of action he believes to be his peculiar secret, by which to render success a certainty. After the celebration of his birth-day, having determined to assemble the senate, he one morning left Mal-maison very early, arrived by surprise at the Tuileries, ordered messengers to be sent to the senators, gave directions for the distribution of the guards, and, about ten o'clock, as I recollect, the streets and bridges by which he was to pass were lined with soldiers.

"I procured a place at a balcony opposite the north end of the Pont-neuf, and, about noon, saw him and his whole train arrive. The guards that preceded and followed him were the finest, the best dressed, and the best mounted, troops in France; and their numbers, as the attendants upon a *citizen*, were—almost incredible!

"The procession might be called fine, but it was not grand, even according to vulgar notions of grandeur, though it certainly was afflicting: amid this military parade, he had the contemptible accompaniment of two running footmen, and four lacquies, in rich liveries, that stood behind his carriage, which was a common coach of Parisian manufacture, but drawn by eight horses. Even the French tradesmen among whom I stood, who thought much of show, and cared nothing for that which most should have excited attention, after observing the horse troops that had passed and were following, and seeing this carriage and the four footmen behind it, exclaimed—'Ah! que c'est mesquin!'*

"I have several times been close to his person: his stature is diminutive, his complexion sallow, and his physiognomy bears those marks that denote the labours of his mind: it is careworn; but it is also susceptible of great variety. From his atrabilarious complexion, choler might be certainly predicted; but, from the sedateness of his eye, not of that sudden and impetuous kind to which he is so very subject.

"The first time I saw him, in the apartments of the Tuileries, he passed very near me, was in his regimentals, attended by his etat-major, and walked a moderate pace. He returned, after the parade, through the same apartments: the guards did not stand quite so close, and I had rather a better view of him.

"The next time, I procured tickets to see him in this palace, just before he appeared, a quick march was beat, and he passed hastily, accompanied only by two officers.

"The manner was so different to that which I had before remarked in him, that it surprised me; and that very evening it was reported, in all the polite circles of Paris, that a plot had been formed to assassinate him on the parade; that it had been discovered on the preceding day by general Duroc; and that three officers, high in command, had been sent to the Temple.

"This report was denied in the journals; but I have good reason to believe it was true. There are people in Paris who know all such events, and they are constantly recounted in their evening societies. It was at this period, likewise, that the government of the palace, as it is called, underwent a total change. I put little stress on the hasty walk of Bonaparte, tho' could it be proved to have been wholly without meaning, I should think it the whim of a very trifling mind.

"When he returned, his haste was less: at such times, petitions are usually delivered to him, which he receives with an affability that has not the least appearance of affectation; and yet it certainly is affected. He has no true sense of the benevolent and social duties of man; such things are now become in him the condescension of an imaginary deity to a wretched mortal, or something much lower; a worm that he could crush, but that he graciously suffers to live.

"The best view, however, that I had of his physiognomy was on Easter Sunday, 1802; when he went to the church of Notre Dame, that he might convince all France how truly and sincerely he was once more become a catholic.

"I had in vain endeavoured to procure a ticket of admission to this ceremony. Every man, woman, and

"* Ah! how paltry!

child, in Paris were vehemently wishing to be present at the public reinstitution of religion; when, not only the embodied clergy, bishops, archbishops, and papal emissaries, were to assemble, with all the municipal and constituted authorities, but military parade, processional pomp, and all that could add splendour to so strange an occurrence, with the chief consul at their head, were to assist. It was no sooner known that such a church festival was to be performed, than every Parisian was taxing his memory to find some friend by whose interest admission might be procured.

"The frequency of such events has increased and given method to this alacrity; and all my applications for tickets were many days too late. A friend, however, informed me, that if I would but go early, and inquire properly, a six-francs piece, that is, five shillings, would open every door in the cathedral.

"I took his advice; and, determining to be early enough, rose at three in the morning. I had been told that even then I should find the *parvis*, or open place before the church, crowded with people.

"As I went, the streets were so quiet that I began to doubt: I was at the church door soon after four o'clock, but, instead of a crowd, I saw no living being. I heard, indeed, the noise of hammering and workmen within the walls, but that did not surprise me; all kinds of labour, the building of houses, the removing of furniture, or any thing that people may please, can be done without offence; and, though not quite general, such things are every Sunday to be seen in this city, where the decency of order is forsworn.

"I took a walk, and returned in less than an hour. Appearances were still the same, except that I saw a young man, who seemed to be taking a survey with intentions similar to my own: of him I made inquiries, and his opinion was that the workmen might readily be bribed.

"For this purpose, I went to the door at which they entered, and asked if I might look into the church.

'Non.'

'Mais si je vous donne pour boire?'

'Ne dites rien. Venez avec moi.'*

"The man that spoke to me was young, and unwilling his companions should overhear this offer; he therefore invited me to a coffee-house.

"In these countries, there is much ceremony but little distinction: almost all persons are admitted to almost all places: a journeyman mason, perhaps without stockings and covered with the dust of his trade, enters a coffee-house as familiarly as his master. Coffee-houses themselves, in such quarters of the city, are the fit receptacles of such guests: the one to which we went was full of them, and the coffee was, perhaps, as bad as if it had been made in London.

"I limited my bribe to half a crown, for myself and the youth who gave me the information; and I believe our guide could scarcely persuade himself he had gained so great a prize. When we returned to the church door, the workmen that kept it pushed us back; but our protector gave the signal, and 'entrez, Messieurs,' immediately followed.

"My fears were far from ended: on a former occasion, I had been turned out of this very church, that is, out of every place where any thing could be seen, at the arrival of the soldiers; for, strange as it may appear, soldiers regulate not only the palace and the playhouse but the church: it should seem that, where they are not, there is no safety. The workman promised we should not be molested; we, however, doubted his word; and, when the first soldiers appeared, hid ourselves behind some lumber.

"It would be superfluous twice to describe the noises and nuisances which, to Englishmen, appear so incongruous with occasions when solemnity so great is affected. Suffice it, therefore, to say, that, either by good management or good fortune, I procured a place immediately behind the guards, who lined the centre aisle, down which the procession passed.

"Unfortunately, these guards were so numerous, and arranged so close to each other, that it was difficult to

* 'But if I give you something to drink?'—'Say nothing. Come with me.'

get a peep, except over their shoulders; consequently, I could not see far, either up or down the aisle. Had an assassin been there with a pistol in his hand, he would not have found a crevice through which effectually to direct the muzzle at the chief consul. The proofs are continual of the dread in which he lives, and the caution with which he appears in public.

"It was past mid-day before he arrived; and I patiently waited all these hours, and till nearly four in the afternoon, only to have a momentary sight of him, as he passed and returned.

"I esteem the time as well spent. In the history of this man, there are events too uncommon, too extraordinary, ever to be forgotten; and of these the contrary and opposing qualities of his mind are far from the least.

"He descended the aisle, surrounded by attendants, with his hat off: it was the only time I so saw him: the sallowness of his complexion was overpowered by the emotions of thought; there was colour in his face; a gentle inclination to smile rendered his mouth pleasant; his aspect was gracious, his forehead large and open, his soul was in tune. I never beheld a physiognomy more apparently capable of all the grandeur of benignity.

"In the whole range of thought, is there a more painful sensation than that qualities which might have been so dignified in benevolence, so almost miraculous in virtue, should be perverted to ends at once so pernicious, so hateful, and so contemptible!

"My greatest, my most ardent, desire, every where throughout this work, is to be a faithful historian; I say then, whenever I have seen him, his countenance has appeared thoughtful, but affable; and, from his actions, it was, past dispute, the affability of a mind accustomed to assume such a tone, and impart to the features such a seeming, as will best accord with the occasion, and effect a present purpose.

"Beside the proofs already given, I had reports of many others that exhibit the increasing state of irritability to which this man has been subject, especially from the period that he appointed himself chief consul.

"After this pretended solemnization of the Concordat, on Easter-day, he asked one of the generals who attended him what he thought of the ceremony: to which the general sarcastically replied, 'C'etoit une vraie capucinade.'*

"Bonaparte appeared not to notice this sneer; and the same general was imprudent enough to venture another, a few days afterward, on the same subject: Bonaparte regarded him with one of those frowns of terror which it is said he can so effectually put on; and the general fell into disgrace.

"The military are the only men who can take the least liberty with the citizen consul. It is said that Moreau was invited to be present at Notre Dame, to assist at the consecration of the colours, and to dine with Bonaparte: to which he answered —'Of your three invitations, general, I shall only accept one: I will dine with you; but I will neither go to Notre Dame, nor consecrate colours.

"On this last question, he was joined by the majority of the army; by whom a remonstrance and a refusal were signed, affirming that they had gained many victories without colours that had been conjured by priests, and that they would not now submit to such fooleries. Those were not their literal words; but, as I heard them reported, it was their true spirit.

"There are many of the enemies of Bonaparte who have wished to engage Moreau in raising a faction, of which he should be the head; but which he has constantly and firmly refused. He has answered—'If the people are as you represent, anxious for change, let them speak and act for themselves; I neither desire the risk, the honours, nor the vices, of such an attempt.'

"I give these as common reports, rendered probable by many circumstances. In every society, Moreau is praised, and advantageously contrasted with Bonaparte.

"Their busts, in plaister of Paris, are exposed for sale on every stall; and, before I left France, that of Moreau was said to sell much the best.

"Among the heads etched as stu-

* 'It was a true capuchinade:' that is, a farce, a pantomime.

dies for young artists, is that of Moreau, in several sizes; and under one of them is inscribed—'Tete d'un Homme.'* In the plot to assassinate Bonaparte on the parade, as I have mentioned, there were persons who insinuated that Moreau had taken a part; and, rumour said, the first consul sent for him, and told him—'I have heard you have joined assassins: I give no credit to any such tale: I know you to be incapable of a base action; but such is the effervescence of mind among the military, that you will greatly oblige me if you will pass two or three days at your country house.'

"With this request, Moreau willingly complied; but carefully returned on the third day, that no misconstruction, by any party, might be put on his conduct. This, I say, was the general conversation of the polite circles of Paris; in which it was added, that these signs of defection in the army exceedingly agitated the mind of Bonaparte.

"He appears to have been guilty of a mistake, very unworthy the penetration of a great mind; which was, that, in the disposal of preferments and favours, he shewed a decided partiality for the army of Italy, and a neglect for the army of the Rhine; to which, and to Moreau, all men whom I have heard speak allow France is much the most indebted for the proud rank she now holds.

"If this were the result of habits of intercourse with the army of Italy, some might call it amiable: I should think it an act of pitiful injustice. If it be jealousy of the renown of Moreau, it will deserve a worse name.

"The following anecdote I give on hearsay: it scarcely could have been wholly invention; how far the colouring may have been false, I cannot answer.

"When general Richepanse returned to Paris, he went to the levee of Bonaparte, and there presented himself. He was taken no notice of; a side glance from the chief consul excepted, who continued his conversation with another general. Richepanse made a second attempt, and met with the same reception. Highly offended, Richepanse then, in a louder tone, said—'citizen general, when you are at leisure—' On which, Bonaparte turned round, as if in reply to a troublesome person, and asked—'What do you want, sir? Who are you? What is your name?' Richepanse as instantly put his hand to his sword, and answered—'My name, citizen consul, is Richepanse; a name which, if forgotten by you, has the honour of being known to all Europe.' Bonaparte, on this, recollected himself; and, with that affability he can so readily assume, made a gracious apology for absence of mind, treated Richepanse afterward with distinction, and soon appointed him commandant of Guadaloupe.

"While at Paris, I received information at the third hand, that is, from the person who received it from the secretaries themselves, that the temper of Bonaparte was become intolerable; and that they so hated their servitude, that they were only prevented from quitting it by fear. The person who told me this had been the enthusiastic admirer but was become the continual accuser of Bonaparte, and therefore might exaggerate, but certainly spoke on a strong foundation of truth.

"An English gentleman whom I left in Paris, and have seen since his return to England, was questioned by me concerning the chief consul; for the company this gentleman frequented was such as might certainly afford good information. According to him, the ungovernable anger of Bonaparte is become so excessive, that when a messenger brings unpleasant news of any kind, but especially if it relate to foreign affairs, the persons in waiting are each afraid of being the reporter. His fits of passion are so violent, that it is said he is now frequently provoked to strike, and that it is very common for his footmen to receive blows.

"I leave all these things to the judgment of the reader; they cannot be entirely false; but, if they were, his public acts and character must remain on their own basis. There is, at least, no secrecy, no doubt, concerning the subjection—pshaw—the slavery (may it be short!) of Holland

* 'The Head of a Man!'—Noble title! I am so fearful of mistake, that I think it right to say I quote the inscription from memory, which scarcely can have deceived me, and not from a written memorandum.

and Helvetia, the usurpation of the Cisalpine republic, or the intemperance with which he has replied, in the Moniteur, to those scrutinies into his conduct which have been made by the English journals.

"Absolute proof concerning individual events, at which the man who gives evidence was not present, is impossible; but, this excepted, I have every other certainty that the report is true which affirms Bonaparte himself was the author of those angry and inflammatory attacks on England, disgraceful as they are to sound understanding, and, in many parts, utterly as they are false and absurd. I must not implicate innocent men with a tyrant, otherwise I would show the just right I have to make this assertion.

"The same reason has prevented me, in various passages of this book, from stating the whole of my proofs. It is, however, a question of small importance whether Bonaparte or the secretary of Bonaparte, whether Portalis, Rœderer, Brienne, or any one else, wrote these dishonourable papers, since they are written, say not *by* the successor of Charlemagne, yet, most probably, at his command, and, certainly, with his approbation; for they are printed in journals that durst not insert one word of such scurrilous libels, but by the order of government.

"When speaking of his physiognomy, I forgot to mention that a person who had often been in his company told me his voice is clear and pleasant.

"Carnot, as I have heard, was the first who signed a negative on the question of the consulship for life; and added, that he was conscious he had signed his own proscription. I know, every well-informed man in Paris knows, he is hated by Bonaparte.

"Concerning this voting, the following among many other tales were current.

"Some person, I have forgotten his name, came to inscribe his vote; but the prefect would not suffer him to write, alledging that he knew him to be a NO.

"Three other gentlemen had the negative and affirmative lists laid before them; and, at the same time, were informed, by the prefect, that, if they signed the negative list, he must be obliged to arrest them; such were his orders.

"The sons of La Tour Maubege, the companion in prison of La Fayette, were so far favoured as to have their names inscribed to be admitted scholars of the Prytanée; but, when the above question came before him, their father signed—no, and they were both struck off the list by the first consul.

"From an engineer, who was with him in Egypt, I learned that it was his custom, when he had summoned a council of war, to listen to the opinions of others, to give no opinion himself, to act in a manner that could least be expected, and to do this with such determination and celerity that, said the narrator, it was like a torrent. So great was his ascendancy, that, when he was present, the generals acting under him appeared like so many schoolboys.

"According to the observations of this gentleman, the Mamelucs would be dangerous foes, were they disciplined and taught to fight in bodies. Their loose dress is a kind of armour; they are extremely active at mounting, dismounting, and managing their horses; and so adroit with the sabre, which is always finely tempered, that, single-handed, and man to man, they would be greatly superior to the Europeans.

"This I conceive to be the clue to the conduct of Bonaparte in having adopted a guard of Mamelucs, who now constantly attend his person. He has had the art to conceal his true intent, by giving it an air of parade; to which, indeed, he is far from averse.

"The gentleman I have last mentioned related to me some military facts to the minutia of which I did not sufficiently attend at the moment, and which, therefore, I can only give as I find them in my journal.

"A prophet started up among the Arabs, who gained great ascendancy by his extravagant assertions, his artful appearance of fasting, and other tricks, and assembled them in vast multitudes. These, to the number of thirty thousand, he led against a division of four hundred French; promising resurrection to those who

should fall in battle, distributing money among them, and pretending that a camel nightly descended, loaded with gold from heaven. This was in Syria; where a hundred and fifty French had already been massacred by the prophet and his troops.

"They were now led on to attack the four hundred; who, by the effect of preserving their ranks, facing their enemy on every side, and slaughtering great numbers, succeeded in retreating to a redoubt.

"This fort stood in the middle of a corn-field, to which the Arabs set fire; so that the French were not only in danger of burning, but of being blown up; and were again obliged to retire, till they found shelter in an onion-field, the fire being between them and the Arabs. When the corn was consumed, the firm phalanx regained the fort; and the pretended prophet, being wounded, and in danger from the French, called to the Mamelucs to save him; and this detected impotency, with the sight of the dead, who not one of them rose again to the fight, ended the delusion, and saved the French; Syria would otherwise have risen in a mass.

"I have several times been present when Bonaparte has shewn himself in public; not only in the palace of the Tuileries and on the parade, where acclamation might be thought indecency, but in the streets and among crowds; but I never witnessed the least applause bestowed on him by the populace. I suspect, indeed, applause is a common practice only in those governments that have in them a mixture of democracy.

"It appears, however, that attempts have been made to procure this soothing flattery, but with little effect. On his birth-day, the chief consul condescended to shew himself to the people, from the balcony of the Tuileries; and a few voices, scarcely half a dozen, called 'Vive Bonaparte!' The silence of the rest, to such a man, must have been a most bitter mortification. I know this to be truth, because my daughter was present to hear the concert.

"Another effort, planned with some art, was made. About this time, though I forget on what occasion, he was passing more slowly than usual with his guards over the Pont-neuf: the assembled people were all silent; but, near the place where the statue of Henry IV had stood, a man came forward to present a paper to the chief consul, and was as instantly driven back by the guard. Citizen Bonaparte was careful to notice this, made a sign to the guard, the man was brought forward by those who had repulsed him, and he presented his petition; on which, a feeble attempt was made to raise a shout. A bookseller, who was present, related this to me in a simple manner, without in the least suspecting any thing more was meant than met the eye. I leave those who are acquainted with France to judge whether I have suspected more than the truth.

"There appears to be a great antipathy in the citizen first consul to whatever reminds him of the Bourbon family. A man had been proposed to him to serve as his head huntsman, and was highly praised for the knowledge that fitted him for such an employment. When he came to be examined, Bonaparte demanded of him on what ground it was that he formed his superior claims as a huntsman. The man, with a very imprudent pride, answered, he had many years served in the same capacity his royal master Louis XVI. Bonaparte gave the man a look, and turned his back. I am told that his coachman once served that unfortunate monarch; but, if so, the man has the sagacity not to vaunt of it, as an honour.

"Aware that he has established a military government, and having some, though not a sufficient, recollection of the Roman legions, and the precarious fate of their emperors, he affects an ostentatious predilection in favour of the soldiers, seldom suffers a day of parade to pass without publicly bestowing what he calls sabres and muskets of honour, and, in his civil government, promotes his generals to offices for the due execution of which there is little probability they should have been fitted by their studies.

"During the revolution, lawyers and men of letters found advancement; for speaking and writing were among the powerful means employed by each succeeding faction: now that the last appeal is to the force of arms,

eloquence and learning have lost their influence. In many instances, they were before abused; but, in many others, they have stamped marks of moral wisdom too deeply for the despotism of armies or the lapse of ages to erase.

"Of the lives of his soldiers, in the field, it is unequivocally allowed, by all military men, that no commander was ever more prodigal. It is most painful to state truths the nature of which is not only hateful but horrible; but it is suffering that must be endured, and it may most truly be said of Bonaparte, that, at his first entrance into public life, at Toulon, and at the slaughter of the 13th Vendemiaire, when the sections rose, he learned to quaff human blood with pleasure. At the bridge of Lodi, the sacrifice of lives was equally wanton, but still greater. It has been so repeatedly the same, that to cite instances is almost superfluous; except that such things ought not to sleep in forgetfulness, and without the stigma which they so unhappily deserve.

"I have already noticed his favourite means of celerity, and falling upon the enemy when least prepared to resist, because that such attacks were out of all common calculation. Various instances of this kind were related to me by various people, some of whom had served under him in Italy or in Egypt.

"During the extreme summer-heats, it happened that the enemy was certain on such a day that his army was at such a distance. It was well known that forced marches were with him common occurrences; but the season would not admit of them, without an absolute and certain loss of men, which must be excessive in proportion as their speed should be great.

"Bonaparte was not to be retarded by such motives: on this very occasion, he issued his orders as he lay in the warm bath, of which he makes a frequent use, and the men were driven forward, the foot by the horse, with such violence, that thousands perished on the march. Some remonstrances were attempted by the officers, but they were repulsed with contempt and threats. The horse and advanced troops secured various passes, the supposed impossibility was overcome, the enemy attacked, and the end of the conqueror obtained. A whole district fell the common prey; and the living, in the triumph of victory and the revel of plunder, thought no more of the dead.

"On the same authority I can state, that is, on the report of numbers who had served under him, and the citement they gave of facts, that, every where, the rapacity of Bonaparte had no limits. The contributions he laid were without mercy; and his treatment of the magistrates of the conquered, when they ventured to make any strong appeal against cruelty or injustice, was such as man would scarcely bestow on dog.

"Was this a school in which to form a benevolent governor of nations? And, if not benevolent, what is a governor of nations?—Their scourge, their afflicting demon.

"His government being founded upon force, the tenor of his thoughts all run in that channel, as his plans and daily practices testify. During the summer of 1802, he was determined not only that the infantry but that the cavalry should learn to swim; and to this they were trained, every morning, by crossing the Seine fronting or near the Champ de Mars. Horses were every day drowned; and the number was stated, in the Moniteur, if I am not mistaken, to be two a day on an average: what the truth was it might be difficult to discover. Of the men, nothing was said: a soldier's life is at the disposal of his commander; a thing of no value. In rows of young cabbages, if one, two, or twenty, die, as many more must be planted. The simile, however degrading, is accurate.

"It was not a little remarkable, that, on the 14th of July, this summer, the very day of the celebration of the capture of the Bastille and the vaunted downfall of tyranny, forty-two persons were sent to transportation, without trial, or any crime publicly alledged, but that of being obnoxious to the chief consul. This fact I had from authority which I believe to be perfectly authentic. The numbers that have been thus transported by Bonaparte, added to those confined in the Temple and various prisons, and to others who suffer the mild punishment of exile from Paris, are incredibly great.

" Despotism delights to give employment to persons who, by their crimes, have so openly put themselves into its power, that it can make them public victims at any moment, and receive the public thanks. Such men are its fit instruments; because actions from which others would shrink they from necessity undertake.

" A man who, in a public employment under the five directors, had been guilty of flagrant malversations, but who imagined when their power was lost his actions were consigned to oblivion, took great liberties, as tyrants call them, whenever he spoke of the chief consul, who, at that moment, had seized on the government. This man was sent for by one of the ministers; and, having a mind as irresolute as it was dishonest, his confusion and terror were visible in his countenance. He wished to prevaricate, began to recount the splendid actions of Bonaparte, and, by mingling falsehood and apology, partly to recant, partly to deny, and wholly to avert, the charge.

" The minister at length stopped him short, by saying—' It is in vain to falsify the language you have held; it has been too public and too often repeated. Among other things, you have said—We have overthrown a tyranny of fourteen centuries, and shall we fear one of so many days?—Now, sir, you have been an agent for the republic, in Italy: you see the numerous papers that are in this drawer? Among them, and in that small compass, your life lies. Your vaunting words are despised: you are henceforth warned to beware; the moment your trial is begun, your sentence is passed, you are dead.'

" After this conversation, instead of threats, this man wrote one letter after another to Bonaparte, making intreaties, professions, and apologies, of which no notice whatever was taken. He was a member of the Tribunat; and, among other things, he offered to defend any old or propose any new law.

" At length, the opportunity came when it was thought fit to employ him; and he was ordered to propose one of the many obnoxious laws which have been promulgated by the chief consul. Accordingly, he prepared his speech: Bonaparte was his idol; and, among his other great qualities, he was the most profound of legislators. No adulation could exceed that which the orator this day lavished. The law was proposed and passed; for the creatures of the consul were too numerous, and his power too dreadful, to be opposed; and after the fatigue of the day was over, after he had ended all his fawning and all his falsehood, triumphant in his own success, this orator, this public defaulter, exclaimed, ' Enfin, me voila sauvé!'—I am safe at last!

" I repeat: the men who, by their past crimes, their present vices, or their false wants, have put themselves in the power of a tyrant, are the instruments that tyranny may use with the utmost safety, and in which, therefore, it delights.

" It is not, however, all the abject servility of the public bodies that can wholly overcome opposition. There always will be men who will testify their contempt of absurdity and their abhorrence of despotism. Hence, some of the projects of the chief consul have been withdrawn; but, too proud and too pertinacious, as well as too presumptuous, to recede, it has only been till he had forcibly expelled his opponents; that these plans might be again proposed with a certainty of success. This kind of tyranny has, perhaps, increased the number of his enemies more even than that of transporting and imprisoning men in defiance of his own laws.

" By his proceedings of this kind, in the summer of 1802, great effervescence was produced; which was felt not only by his adversaries but even by his partisans, who were not free from alarm. He proposed laws which were so contrary to the principles of his own pretended constitution, that they would not endure to be discussed; he then withdrew them, with open marks of how much he was irritated, and menacing inuendoes of that which he next performed: he purified, in his opinion, the legislative bodies, by causing the names of those persons to be struck off by whose daring inquiry he had been enraged.

" He then notified to the senate his intention of being appointed con-

sul for life; and even this virtuous body, which had hitherto entered so amiably into his measures, were struck with astonishment, and knew not what to reply. That which they had done sufficiently shewed they stood but little in awe of their own consciences; they, therefore, must have feared the general indignation, for they refused; but they tempered refusal by proposing that he should continue in his office another ten years.

"Indignant at this, he recollected the mode he had pursued to establish the Concordat. He was probably led to hope, from the flatteries that were bestowed upon him by sycophants and, still more, by himself, that the people would as willingly appoint him king, should he make an appeal to them, as they had been willing to have mass again said to them gratis: with the daring cunning, therefore, that marks his character, he made this appeal, that he might be consul for life.

"The extreme unwillingness that generally prevailed on this question may justly be classed among the causes that increased his irritability of temper to its present excess. He could remember nothing but his own victories, his own wisdom, the peace to which he had compelled the surrounding states, the countless benefits he had bestowed on France, and the baseness of the nation's ingratitude.

"He was soon determined to take the short road; and, since justice refused to seat him on the throne of despotism, to use compulsion. The instructions sent to the prefects of the departments, and to all persons in power, would, it is true, be curious documents for the historian; but they could add but little to that which was visible on the whole face of the proceeding. His election by the people was the mockery of every man in Paris.

"This point carried, his next step might be called almost bolder still, it was of such open and avowed tyranny. He appointed a Senatus Consulte; and in this, pretending to issue a commentary on his own constitution of the 18th Brumaire, which constitution he likewise pretended was to be sacredly adhered to, he totally abrogated it in every point where he found it had imposed some little restraint upon him, or by the alteration of which he could promote his future views.

"To examine the laws promulgated by despotism, which never was, nor ever can be, self-consistent, would here be loss of time. The laws of Bonaparte are, or may be, known to every reader; and to discover how inimical they are to freedom, and how contradictory to each other, requires no extraordinary research or uncommon degree of acumen.

"The behaviour of the first consul to his ministers, if, by accident, neglect, or any exercise of their own judgment, they fall under his displeasure, is allowed to be haughty and insulting in the extreme. In this manner, I heard Chaptal was treated by him, for the pretended oversight, not of himself, but of a person in his department who reads theatrical pieces, in having licenced Les Valets Maitres, the piece for which Dupaty was sentenced to transportation.

"The licencer was reproved by Chaptal; and the blame was then laid on an inferior person, whose office it is first to read the manuscripts. This person replied, and proved, he had given it as his opinion that it would be prudent not to suffer the performance of the piece; but that this opinion had been overruled by the licencer. No matter that all this was true; the poor man was turned out of his office. His superior, the licencer, was the person who had the most interest. In countries where justice is habitually transgressed, the weak are always the victims.

"Words can assert any thing, and words have asserted that an arbitrary is better than a mixed government; because it is better to have one tyrant than many tyrants. Did an arbitrary government consist but of one tyrant, the proposition would be worthy of being examined; but it is wholly and extravagantly false. Despotism audaciously stands balanced on a ladder in the clouds, on each step of which all who descend or mount are obliged to tread, except on the topmost; and that is too full of terror for any man there to set his foot, unless he first have hurled the despot dreadfully down.

"Similies and figures of speech

cannot prove truths; but, if the truth be admitted, similies and figures of speech can give it the boldest forms and the most beautiful colours.

"I feel some surprise at never having heard any man notice, among the other privileges which the chief consul has arrogated to himself, not only the power to pardon the condemned, but that of establishing mints, whenever urgency shall require such a measure, and of fabricating copper coins. How greatly do despots resemble each other! This was the cunning resource of the famous Frederic of Prussia; by which he paid his armies with a base coinage, and deluged the countries he conquered with money that was almost worthless. Bonaparte has carefully provided that, when opportunity shall offer, he may do the same.

"In the Almanach National, there is a list of titles to be given, and modes of address used, to potentates and other public men: those that relate to Bonaparte are thus described:

'En ecrivant au Premier Consul, President de la Republique Italienne, on dit—Citoyen Premier Consul et President.

'En lui addressant la parole, on dit—Citoyen Premier Consul:—c'est la son seul titre.'

"The ostentatious forbearance, the modesty of that being his *only title*, which words durst not have been inserted but from his own dictating or approbation, is painfully ludicrous. The necessity in form of adding 'et President' is an open claim to the sovereignty of the Cisalpine republic. It was openly reported of him, before I left Paris, that he said—'Il faut que la Suisse et la Hollande s'accoutume a etre les tributaires de la France.'*

"To those who would study the character of the citizen first consul, this Almanach National is a master-key. Under that very simple title, his thirst of power, his presumptive wisdom, and his tormenting jealousy, are so avaricious, so restless, that there is scarcely an office in the whole republic to which he does not appoint, nor a proceeding that he does not inspect, and, should he think proper, annul: he nominates as well the civil as the military officers; not only generals and judges, but advocates, attornies, and school-masters, are of his appointment. Through the whole book, this simple title of the Premier Consul occurs, whenever the exercise of power is concerned.

"The heart sickens to recollect that a poor human being who cannot so regulate the conduct of a single individual, not even of a child, but that his laws, his orders, and his purposes, will be counteracted at every instant, should be afflicted to such excess by the itch of governing, that he will appoint, from his own successor, down to the infants that lisp in primary schools. Were the subject less momentous, there would be matter of infinite ridicule in the whole aspect of this new government and this new man. The number of ages surely cannot be great before nations will spurn at the very thought of being involved in all the miseries of war, because such is the will of an individual.

"This man has so far forgotten all common sense, all common decency, all respect for himself, and all recollection of the contempt in which mankind must hold such insufferable vanity, that, in his public style and negotiations, the supposition that the state and the people of France are in existence continually appears to be lost; they are all engulphed in the First Consul. It is the First Consul to the Grand Sultan; the First Consul to the Beys of Egypt; the First Consul to the Dey of Algiers; and to none but the First Consul do these Sultans, Beys, and Deys, reply.

"Between the dwarfish form of the man and his enormous arrogance, there is a disparity too preposterous for feeling to rid itself of, except by laughter. Yet how suddenly is this emotion checked by the remembrance of the general destruction in which he endeavours to involve mankind. Is it not miserable to reflect that the paltry, the frothy, the despicable, thing called vanity, raging in a being in itself so impotent, should be the cause of such desolation?

"How little a thing is this vanity, this restless iteration of egotism, as it exhibits itself in the man to whom the wild accidents of fortune have con-

"* 'Switzerland and Holland must reconcile themselves to be tributary to France.'

fided so disproportionate a share of the physical and moral force of Europe; so that the opposing remainder is threatened with annihilation. He prefers the Italian opera to the French, in which he certainly so far discovers good taste; and an Opera Buffa, or comic Italian opera, favoured by him, is established in Paris; but he has frequently behaved with the insolent disrespect to the public, to order the performers to Mal-maison, that they might exhibit for his pleasure, on nights when they had advertised to perform at Paris.

"In the apartments of St. Cloud, I saw the place where the portrait of the king, I believe Louis XV. had hung, or had been painted in fresco. The portrait had been removed, but the fleurs de lys were left on the wall; and in this place was hung the portrait of the man with the simple title, painted by David, and now surrounded by the fleurs de lys. They surround, it is true, but they do not irradiate.

"His imagination is haunted by images of royalty. His footmen, that already swarm about the palace, have liveries richly laced. That essential distinction between the monarchical and republican forms of government, simplicity, and to which he openly makes pretension in his title, in his practice he wholly disregards.

"The sums he has expended on fitting up the palace of St. Cloud are great; though they appear to be but the beginning of future prodigality, should he remain in office. An opera-house to this palace was projecting; the baneful incumbrances of that vast pile, called a palace, at Versailles, public report affirmed were to be renewed; and Europe has lately seen the attempts made by him to get rid of the hated simplicity of his title; and to work that miracle, the resurrection of Charlemagne, a thousand years after his death.

"Such is the activity of his mind, that it turns to every object; but the misery is, that every object is a mirror, in which he contemplates himself.

"In this spirit, he has removed the buildings which encumbered la Place du Carrousel. If that magnificence which egoistical pride and mortal ambition assume to themselves were beneficial to man, the removal of these buildings would merit high praise; as would the construction of another pile, equal and opposite to that called the new Louvre, said to be projected; for grandeur would then, indeed, display itself on a vast scale.

"Various buildings on the north of the Louvre are also demolished; and a spacious avenue, or street, from la Rue St. Honoré to the palace, is to be constructed.

"Were it not that this is beginning in the wrong place, it might all be excellent; neither does he wholly forget works of urgent and great utility. Orders were given to repair the roads through France; and much has already been done, though much, I understand, is still to do. The project of his predecessors to further embank the Seine is revived at the quay D'Orsai: a new quay is erecting on the north side of the Cité; a most useful work: new bridges are building, and many other projects of general benefit have been in contemplation. Oh! had he directed that gigantic force of which he has the command to none but purposes like these, blessed would he have been among men, beneficent his power, and immortal his name!

"How grateful is it to the heart to remark the turn which freedom has given to the public spirit in England! Roads, canals, docks, bridges, machinery, the mechanic arts, the air and health of cities, the inclosure of waste lands, the grand pursuits and improvements in agriculture, and, above all, the active and unawed spirit of moral inquiry, form an assemblage, an aggregate, of progress, the worth of which none can estimate, but those who have witnessed and well considered the opposite effects produced by despotism and ignorance.

"To sum up with accuracy the contradictory character of this chief consul, this man of strange fortunes, this minion of many centuries, this miraculous progeny of Intellect and Chance, is a task to which I am inadequate.

"There are two parties in direct contradiction to each other, and both of them equally violent in assertion. One set of men attribute to him every human excellence: to them, he is not a man, but a deity: another will not allow he ever possessed eminence of talent, discovered a single virtue, or

performed one action that can be called great.

"Let those who affirm he foresaw all that has been and might be accomplished, planned all that he has achieved, and with power little less than omnipotent insured military conquest and commanded civil triumph, let these partisans inquire whether a mind so capacious could have been betrayed into acts so many of which are puerile, so many more are absurd, and a still greater number are malevolent and destructive?

"The nature of true greatness has ever been and ever will be beneficent. If his plans were so truly profound, would not his means be more certain, his course more even, and his end more secure? His taciturnity in private appears to be pride; but, in his public acts, his loquacity is too great, I ought to say too pert, to be tremendous. Power, such as he and his partisans would have the world believe he possesses, would better understand itself, would act in silence and strike in the dark: it would pursue the even tenour of its way, and disdain to vapour or to sooth. Of such dwarfish artifice it would have no need. The excesses of the passions rob men of their sound judgment, and render them base, malignant, and little. Of the passions of the chief consul, and their excesses, there is, unhappily, no want of proof.

"To those who will not allow him any one great quality, what shall be answered? Let them look into history, and find the man under whose real or apparent command actions so numerous and so great have been performed, and he, the commander, a man of feeble mind, irresolute in his conduct and inconsistent in his plans. Let them scrutinize the powers of man, and prove, if it be possible, from fact or from deduction, how it should happen, in times so dreadfully contentious, that debility could obtain and preserve the rule; could conquer enemies abroad, subvert rivals in power at home, profit by foreign and intestine broils, overawe or reconcile factions, change the capricious destinies of a capricious people to that which despotism calls order, and establish a new dynasty, which, in ages of greater ignorance, would long have continued permanent and beyond controul.

"Truth is always found between the extremes. Bonaparte is an extraordinary man, who has lived in still much more extraordinary times. The grand events of these times were many of them military; so, as it happened, was his education, and so were his propensities. Such was the fortuitous favour of circumstances, that they caused him to appear a prodigy. A first campaign elevated him to the rank of hero, the second shewed him a god: he seemed to command events; in reality, they commanded him, they were his creator.

"Early habits had powerfully concurred to fit him for the future accidents under which he became placed; and this pre-disposition and these accidents were further aided by a mind of such ardour, and of such restless and prolific ambition, that he has been hurried through the various gradations which similar minds have travelled; and does and will only differ from them in similarity of fate as far as circumstances have varied and shall hereafter vary.

"Sallow complexion, length of face, a pointed nose, a projecting chin, and prominent cheek bones, have distinguished the countenances of fanatics and persecutors. Fanatics and persecutors were often men of powerful minds, but violent passions; and between such men and Bonaparte, allowing for times and circumstances, in physiognomy, in talents, and in manner of acting, there is great resemblance.

"The contests of religion are passed; its tragedies have been acted, and its heresies in morals are now so overpowered, as almost to have lost their danger. Enquiries into political abuse have raised a different but not a less portentous quarrel. The degree of freedom which Britain has attained has fortunately rendered her less sensible to the violence of the shock, which she is fitted partly to repel and partly to regulate. In religious information, she likewise took the lead, and the mistakes must be preposterous by which she can possibly be reduced below the common level. In moral calculation, the thing is indeed impossible.

"I must not conclude without mentioning a fact which is very public in Paris; I mean the reports that were

in current circulation, generally and positively affirmed to be true by the enemies of Bonaparte, and sent round in manuscript vaudevilles, several of which I possess, concerning his family amours. I forbear to state what these reports were; not because I think any facts that would speak so pointedly to mind and moral character are unworthy to be chronicled, but because I do not know their truth: nay, they are so licentious, so repulsive to thought, so full of abhorrence, that nothing less than the clearest proof ought to make them credited. Supposing them, however, to be false, they strongly exemplify two things—public credulity, and the libertine practices that could even so much as imagine fables thus abominably salacious; and, if true, the latter fact is stamped with more pernicious mischief." vol. ii. p. 321.

The plates, containing views of Paris and of the buildings of Paris, including a great number of elegant vignettes, are particularly gratifying to the curiosity: they enable the reader to form a just idea of that famous city in which such tragedies have lately been acted, to the astonishment of the world.

XXVIII. INVASION; *a descriptive satirical Poem. By* J. AMPHLETT. 8vo. 80 *pages.* 4*s. Longman and Rees.*

THIS pleasing and promising production of a young man deserves notice, and affords some spirited passages on a popular subject. Take his muster of the French troops for the invasion of this country.

" And now the destin'd troops, a chosen host,
By various thoughts employ'd, approach the coast;
And ev'ry passing town their fate can tell,
And ev'ry village gives its sad farewell;
And many a maid that pride had made unkind,
And gave her bosom's sorrows to the wind,
With heart quick beating, and with downcast eye,
Her passion swelling in the rising sigh,
Beholds the favour'd youth her chilling slight
Had driv'n to seek his fortune in the fight.
Th' appealing eye upbraids the stubborn heart
That bade him from each happier scene depart,
To dare the rude encounter of the foe,
And danger in a thousand shapes to know;
On the cold earth, a heedless corse to lie,
Or, wounded, 'mid the happier dead to sigh;
To draw, in noisome swamps, unwholesome breath,
'Mid blood, and bones, and rottenness, and death!
As o'er the dreadful scene his fancy strays,
And mis'ry in its direst shape pourtrays,
The tear that flow'd, as nature's force prevail'd,
The burning honour in his cheek exhal'd.

" The blushing maid no more the sigh suppress,
Nor kept the smother'd passion in her breast;
She bade the hero many a sweet adieu,
And, fondly smiling, bade the youth be true;
Wish'd, while condemn'd o'er foreign lands to roam,
His conquest there as easy as at home.

" Clad in their costly robes of dread attire,
Death-nodding plumes and helmets all on fire,
The plund'ring band their 'doubtful fate' pursue,
And tremblingly await their LAST review!

" Now ev'ry ear the trump's shrill clangor fills,
And echo tells it to the distant hills;
The frightful blast heard many a maiden shriek,
And scar'd the blood from many a soldier's cheek.
Ill-omen'd note! remindful of the sound
When the last trump shall call the nations round,
Give to the sons of man th' allotted state
Approv'd by heaven and decreed by fate.

" The list'ning drums th' expected signal beat,
And the four winds of heav'n the sound repeat:

The busy troops the fatal call obey,
And, thoughtful, to the field direct their way;
And many a vet'ran there, whom vict'ry claim'd,
Foreboding, trembled when the task was nam'd.
Quick, from all sides, the glitt'ring legions throng,
And music answers as they move along:
The sun, that in his cloudless chariot shines,
Pours his effulgence on the dazzling lines;
Which, proud, as though disdainful of his beam,
To heav'n return the deeply blushing stream.

'Hark! the hoarse trumpet tells their gen'ral's nigh,
The distant bugle and the drums reply.
Mild truth, that vainly stemm'd th' o'erbearing flood,
Has told their deeds in characters of blood—
Mere fragments, that to ruling parties clung,
From revolution's fest'ring hot-bed sprung;
A motley train of patch'd and perfum'd knaves,
A band of ruffians 'mid a realm of slaves:
Bubbles, the times have into being blown,
That neither heaven nor earth distinctly own;
Farrago vile, by Frenchmen only fear'd,
Who blindly boast the wooden gods they rear'd.

" And now the deep-mouth'd thund'ring cannon's roar
Cleaves the wide air, and rolls along the shore;
The deaf'ning peal loud o'er the valley flies,
And, mutt'ring 'mong the distant mountains, dies.
Their con's inspiring presence it denotes,
And round the whisp'ring information floats—
He whom surrounding states contend t'obey,
Whose very name spreads terror and dismay,
Strikes from the maiden's cheek the mantling hue,
And turns the dimly burning taper blue—
Dread visitant of visionary woe,
That nightly scares the silken-sinew'd beau;
Tremendous shade, exorcist ne'er could lay,
Goblin, to whom in vain the priests may pray;
That stalks terrific with its ghostly pow'r,
And harrows those with fear it can't devour—
The nurse that, garrulous, in wint'ry night,
Intent her noisy bantling to affright,
With threat'ning look, the ill-ton'd monster hawls,
And, loud, raw-head and bloody Bony calls!
Mammoth of men! opposing nature's law,
The earth before ne'er bore, the heav'ns ne'er saw.

" On milk-white steed of liquid flowing mane,
Impatient foaming 'neath th' oppressive rein,
Which, bred in Nubian sands, outstripp'd the wind,
And left the lightning-wing'd Simoon behind,
The stately consul rides, with thoughtful air,
And wrinkled brow, the seat of endless care;
Suspicion scowling in the pensive eye,
No cheerful tints illume, no fires supply.
His plain affected vest of simple blue,
No silver beam reflects, no golden hue;
Sad rayless emblem of the darkling sin
That reigns, and everlasting reigns, within." p. 33.

We add also with pleasure the discomfiture of the French troops after landing in this country.

"Slowly retreating, see the Gauls appear,
And dreadful carnage preys upon their rear:
Their gen'ral, guarded with his vet'ran host,
With heavy heart, now gain'd the wish'd-for coast,
Where a few chosen bands maintain their ground,
Though danger in a thousand shapes surround;
While waiting fleets their watchful crews dispose,
Their short career of misery to close!

" See, Gauls, the sun declines in bloody steam
Of crimson clouds, which shade his ev'ning beam,
And hideous night comes scowling o'er the main,
That opes its hungry caverns for your slain;
While at your heels th' avenging Britons press,
Hot with their rage and glowing with success.

" The consul now his waiting vessel sought,
Assail'd by billows and devour'd by thought;
And heard the screamings of his murder'd crew,
Which, to the list'ning heav'ns, accusing flew.

" The distant cries now fainter rose behind,
Lost in the dismal howlings of the wind.
His weakly bark the bounding billows bear
From fleeting danger to eternal care;
And night, the parent, pilot, of his fame,
The hero guides to safety and to shame.

" Go, valiant chief, thy envied story tell;
Say how thy legions fought, and how they fell;
Say how subdu'd Britannia's sons remain,
Her armies crippled and her heroes slain;
And send some ruffian Gaul, some fav'rite son,
The work to finish thou hast nearly done.

" Steer, happy chieftain, to thy favour'd land,
Anh hail thy shouting vassals on the strand;
And long their gen'ral live, their foes destroy,
And long thy fame endure, thy pow'r enjoy.
* * * * * * * * * *

" Night flaps her jealous wings with broken rest,
And cow'rs with troubled pinions o'er the west;
The blushing morn with tim'rous beam advanc'd,
And o'er the hideous prospect trembling glanc'd;
Where mangled limbs in dread confusion lie,
And shed a purple horror on the sky.

" Here lay the Gaul, a reeking corse expos'd,
His fate unpity'd, and his eye unclos'd;
And there, in writhing pain, the Briton gasp'd,
And e'en in death th' avenging weapon grasp'd;
And here the volunteer resign'd his breath,
Who, by his own, oppos'd his country's death.

" Rest, sacred shades! and holy be the ground
Where'er each bleeding patriot corse be found;
For you, a grateful nation long shall mourn,
And nought but solemn sable weeds be worn:
A nation shall your fun'ral rites prepare,
A nation's sighs shall steal upon the air;
And where your sacred relics peaceful sleep,
Its sons shall musing bend, its daughters weep;
And dear shall be the spot where rests your clay,
Though empires totter and though states decay!

" Rest holy manes, ever honour'd brave—
Still be the guardians of the fame ye gave;
And when insulting tyrants threat our coast,
Your sacred names shall animate our host!" p. 79.

XXIX. THE SWISS EMIGRANTS, *a Tale.* 12*mo.* 150 *pages.* 4*s.* *Longman and Rees.*

FROM this interesting tale, we cannot take any paragraph out of its connection with propriety; but we give the preface, which explains its nature and tendency, by a sketch of the Swiss revolution.

" PREFACE.

" The latter part of the following narrative is intimately connected with the Swiss revolution which took place in 1798. A concise view, therefore, of that event may not, perhaps, be considered as altogether superfluous.

" Switzerland, during the whole course of the French revolution, had continued to observe the strictest neutrality. Complaints had certainly been made concerning the protection afforded by its government to the numerous emigrants from France during that calamitous period; the conduct of the Swiss, however, was perfectly justifiable, on the ground of common humanity, and of the privileges belonging to a separate and independent state. On this subject, indeed, the Swiss were, perhaps, but too submis-

sive; and, in compliance with the requisitions of the French government, they expelled from their territories many of those unfortunate persons.

"France appears to have long cast her view toward the conquest of Switzerland; but, engaged for many years in perpetual war with the great continental potentates, she could not, without imprudence, enter upon this additional enterprize. She took care, however, in the mean time, to employ all her well known methods of exciting a spirit of insubordination and hostility to existing authorities. In every canton, a party favourable to revolution was formed, and headed by a few profligate and desperate characters, who hoped to establish their own greatness on the ruin of their country.

"At length, by the treaty of Campo Formio, all the obstacles to these designs on the part of the French were removed; and the directory, who at that time possessed the supreme power in France, seemed determined to lose no time in putting them in execution. In order to pave the way for the commencement of hostilities, they began to make demands of so exorbitant a nature, as it was hardly possible to suppose the Swiss would yield to. The first of these related to the dismissal of Mr. Wickham, the English ambassador. The Swiss were thrown on this occasion into extreme perplexity, dreading the resentment of so powerful a neighbour, yet sensible, at the same time, that compliance would amount to an almost entire sacrifice of national independence. From this embarassment they were relieved by Mr. Wickham himself; who, unwilling that his presence should be the means of involving them in war, withdrew of his own accord.

"The repose which followed was of short duration. New claims were quickly advanced, still more unprecedented and humiliating than the former. At length, France openly espoused the cause of the malcontents in the Pais de Vaud; and an army of 15,000 men, under the command of general Menard, began its march toward that country.

"The Swiss now became sensible that nothing remained for them but to take up arms in their own defence. An extraordinary diet, accordingly, being convened at Arau, the oath of federal alliance was renewed, and orders were given for assembling the militia of the different cantons. Berne, being exposed to the most immediate danger, sent into the Pais de Vaud a strong body of troops, which, joined to the militia of the country, was judged sufficient for its defence, both against foreign and domestic enemies. The command of these, however, was unfortunately entrusted to colonel Weiss, an officer who was not only destitute of the requisite vigour and capacity, but was even suspected of lukewarmness in the cause. A slight insurrection, therefore, having broken out, and news arriving that the French army had reached the frontiers, he retreated precipitately to Iverdun, leaving that extensive and beautiful country at the mercy of the enemy.

"Two opposite parties divided the councils of Berne. One of these continually urged the necessity of prompt and vigorous measures; while the other, either attached to the interest of the French government, or dreading its power, wished that recourse should be had to conciliation and submission. The latter of these prevailed; and a notification was made to the directory, that reforms, such as they wished, would take place in the course of a year, without any necessity for foreign interference.

"It may easily be imagined that this proposal, especially the latter part of it, was by no means regarded as satisfactory. Berne was soon given to understand that nothing less would be listened to than the entire exclusion from office of all her present magistracy, and the establishment of a new form of government under the direction of France. The spirit of the nation was now again roused, and all ranks united in the determination of making a vigorous resistance. Twenty-five thousand men were marched to the frontiers under the command of D'Erlach, an officer of the most approved courage and patriotism. The other cantons, actuated by a timid and short-sighted policy, sent their quotas, indeed, but in small numbers, and with orders to act only on the defensive; so that they proved finally

of no advantage whatever to the common cause.

"Meanwhile, Menard was superseded in the command by Brune. This general, finding his forces not sufficient to cope with D'Erlach, judged it expedient to gain time until a reinforcement should arrive from the Rhine. With this view, he held out prospects of accommodation, which were too readily listened to; and a truce of eleven days was concluded.

"This was a fatal period for Berne. The two parties renewed their struggles, and each, alternately prevailing, issued opposite and contrary orders, which threw both the army and the whole nation into the utmost perplexity. Many of the troops left the army, and returned to their homes. Meanwhile, general Schawenbourg arrived from the Rhine with a considerable army; and, before the expiration of the truce, Fribourg and Soleure were attacked at the same time, and taken by surprise. D'Erlach was then under the necessity of retreating with his army to the neighbourhood of Berne.

"Nothing, it was evident, could now save the republic but the most perfect unanimity; yet, at this very moment, Berne and its neighbourhood became one vast scene of tumult and discord. The people, having assembled in a mass, unhappily resolved to take advantage of the distress of the state, in order to extort redress of their real or imaginary grievances. They even went so far as to dissolve the present diet and elect a provisional one. The army, instigated, it is said, by French emissaries, who accused their generals of having betrayed them, mutinied violently, left the camp, and massacred several of their best officers. In a little time, however, they became sensible of the unreasonableness of their suspicions; and the disturbances were entirely appeased before any attack was made by the enemy.

"The Bernese troops were stationed in two divisions, to each of which was opposed an army of greatly superior numbers. About one in the morning of the 3d of March, general Rampon attacked one of these, and at first gained some advantage; but, on its receiving a reinforcement, he was repulsed with considerable loss. At five the same morning, Schawenbourg made a grand attack on the other division, at the head of which were general D'Erlach and M. de Steiguer, the most distinguished of the Bernese senators. The numbers here were still more unequal; and, after a desperate resistance, they were forced to give way. They rallied, however, repeatedly; five successive battles were fought, in all of which, however, the French were finally victorious.

"Berne, now left without defence, was forced to sign a capitulation, the terms of which are said to have been by no means strictly observed. The whole neighbourhood was given up to plunder and rapine; and the enormities committed appear to have surpassed any thing that civilized Europe had ever before witnessed.

"Immediately after this, Lucerne and Zurich were occupied by French troops; and, though they submitted with little or no resistance, were exposed to outrages greater, if possible, than those which Berne had suffered.

"Thus all Switzerland was reduced to subjection, except the little cantons of Schwitz and Underwalden; the birth-place of Swiss freedom, and now its last retreat. The French met here with a most determined resistance; and, in their first attempts, were repulsed with great slaughter. But, receiving fresh reinforcements, they at length overpowered and reduced them to the same calamitous condition with the rest of their countrymen.

"A fair prospect of deliverance seemed to be opened for Switzerland in the succeeding year, by the coalition of Russia and Austria against France, and the memorable successes of that campaign. Early in the summer, the Austrian army entered; and, in the course of the season, drove the French out of great part of it. Suwarrow, also, after having in a few months subdued all the north of Italy, prepared to enter it from another quarter. In addition to this, Korsakof, another Russian general, arrived with a fresh army of 40,000 men; and, joining his force to those of the Austrians, advanced into the very heart of Switzerland. But here his progress was stopped, and he received

from the French army under Massena a prodigious overthrow, which forced him to repass the Alps with the utmost rapidity. In consequence of this, Suwarrow, who, with the remainder of his Italian army, had already reached the summit of Mount Gothard, found himself also under the necessity of retreating. In a short time, Switzerland was almost entirely evacuated by the combined armies, and France again acquired uncontrolled dominion over that devoted country.

"Very soon after this, a signal revolution took place in the affairs of France, in consequence of Buonaparte's returning from his eastern expedition, and rising to the sovereign authority in that country. It cannot be denied, that some of the first measures pursued by the new government were such as to promise a certain melioration of the ancient system. We may mention, in particular, the stop put to internal anarchy and bloodshed, the restoration of religious worship, and the pacific disposition which was for some time manifested. These circumstances seemed to give some reason to expect that the generous efforts which, in 1802, the Swiss made to regain their ancient freedom, might have been attended with success. It is needless to say how little these hopes have been fulfilled. This brave and virtuous people, condemned a second time to bend beneath a foreign and detested yoke, has exhibited indeed a most affecting spectacle. On this subject, it is painful to enlarge; nor have the succeeding events been such as to afford any ground either for comfort or hope.

"With regard to the following little narrative, it is not necessary to give any account of the manner in which it came into the editor's possession, or of the circumstances which have delayed its publication so long after the time when it appears to have been written. In offering it to the world, he has been actuated chiefly by an opinion of its useful and instructive tendency. If virtue be promoted by the view of characters which rise above the ordinary standard, those exhibited in the following pages seem well calculated to produce that effect. In the first part, we discover the principle of active benevolence operating in somewhat of a new direction. There may not be many who could with propriety adopt the precise manner of life which is there described; yet there are, perhaps, few whose characters would not be improved by imbibing some portion of the spirit which it breathes.

"The succeeding part gives a view of the calamities attendant both on war in general, and on this particular aggression, certainly one of the most atrocious that appears among the records of history. At the present moment, also, when our independence, and our very existence as a nation, are threatened by the same restless and domineering potentate, the examples here exhibited, of love for our country and courage in defending it, may not be without their use. It is a pleasing reflection, however, that this spirit should already have risen so high, as to render farther encouragement almost superfluous; and that, should this threatened invasion take place, the union, the strength, the patriotism, of this mighty nation must secure to it a very different issue from that fatal one which is here recorded."

XXX. A BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY *of the celebrated* WOMEN *of every age and country. By* MATILDA BETHAM.

(Concluded from page 104.*)*

"MARY, ANTOINETTE,—Archduch. of Austria, daughter of Maria Theresa, and Wife to Louis XVI, King of France; beheaded 1793.

"The duke de Choiseul, wishing to counterbalance the power of Mad. Dubarry, mistress to Louis XV, thought nothing more likely than to marry the dauphin, grandson of that monarch, to a grand-duchess of Austria, and thus put an end to the enmity of the two houses. As the herald of peace, Antoinette arrived, and the beauty of her person and graces of manner concurred to render the impression favourable. Her complexion was very fair, her face oval, eyes blue, mild, and intelligent, an aqui-

line nose, and a little mouth, with what is called an Austrian lip; fine light hair, a well-proportioned figure, and beautiful hands. She had not yet done growing. These attractions of person were seconded by an ingenuous and affable manner: her charms were those of naiveté. The king was enchanted with her, and his flattering reception hindered her from perceiving the little emotion her husband shewed. He had been taught by the duke de la Vauguyon to have a very low opinion of women, and esteemed marriage only a duty owing to his rank. Many years are said to have passed before she inspired him with that tender and pure attachment which afterwards ended but with his life. The nuptials were brilliant in the highest degree; but she was fatigued with the ceremonials and restraints of the French court. Madame Dubarry and her friends found that, directed by Choiseul, Antoinette would soon have all the power in her own hands; and, after many attempts, persuaded the king to banish that minister, who left Paris, accompanied by many of the nobility. Had the dauphiness been older, she might have made use of her favour with Louis to have shewn him the snare in which his favourites were bringing him; but she was a child, whom her enemies amused by a thousand little arts, to prevent her taking any part in the affair.

"Louis XV died 1774, of the small-pox, which made him abandoned by all his family but his daughters, who were affectionate children to a tender parent. They all fell sick of the same disorder, but recovered. Though given up to gaiety and dissipation, the credit of the young queen had daily gained ground with her husband. She wished to create a new situation for Madame de Lamballe at court, which the king did not disapprove; but M. Turgot, the minister, opposed it strongly on account of the pension. The queen, astonished to prove this opposition, complained, and the minister was dismissed, to make room for Necker, who was more complaisant; but Madame de Lamballe was soon supplanted by Madame de Polignac.

"In 1777, the emperor Joseph, brother to the queen, visited France, under the name of count Falkenstein. It was supposed he came in the hope of gaining pecuniary assistance to carry on his wars, and that the queen furthered this view as much as possible, but without success. From the tenderness she shewed towards him, a suspicion stole into the minds of the French, that she kept up a correspondence with him detrimental to the welfare of the state; but no other proof of it has appeared.

"The circumstances which led to their conceiving so bitter a hate towards her, the limits of this work do not allow us to state progressively. Heedless extravagance and dissipation seem to have been the source; faults, certainly, both foolish and unfeeling; but the sufferings she underwent, still fresh in the memory of every one, more than expiated them. A long confinement, a series of alarms and agitation, the violent death of a husband who tenderly loved her, and whom she seems to have loved, the mournful prospect for her children, and her own sad fate, must entitle her to the commiseration of every feeling mind." p. 473.

"Mem. of Mad. de Lamballe, &c."

The frontispiece consists of the five following heads, neatly engraved: Lady Jane Gray, Lady Russel, Mary Queen of Scots, Joan of Arc, and Madame de Sevigné.

XXXI. A Concise Review *of the Concise Vindication of the Conduct of the Five Suspended Members of the Council of the Royal Academy.* 8*vo.* 30 *pages.* 1*s. Longman and Rees.*

THIS relating to a controversy among the royal academicians, we pretend not to enter into its merits; but, as a specimen of the pamphlet, we insert the following extract.

"The reader will please to bear in mind, that it is not on account of friendship or dislike entertained for any set of men, that a person unused to writing for the public, as is, perhaps, but too obvious, ventures to offer, in these pages, an antidote to the deleterious drugs which, assuming

the semblance, and possessing, no doubt, the virtues, are vended with all the parade, of a patent medicine, professing to renovate the constitution which it really undermines. I am no advocate for the tergiversations of the president, nor the weaknesses of the secretary, nor the remissness of the professor of architecture, nor the incorrectness of Mr. Farrington (if these circumstances were as this writer reports), and no adherent of the party he opposes; but, while they form a majority in the general assembly, I must recoil from the injustice of stigmatizing them with the opprobrious epithets which this author, in the fervour of his zeal for the five members who were lately suspended from their functions, has thought proper to bestow on them. It will, indeed, afford some excuse for this gentleman, if his father be among the five academicians in question; because youth is the season of temerity, and filial piety is a virtue amiable even in error; but this can be no reason why others should tamely suffer the public to be led into the adoption of such error. I am, moreover, no friend to the law which empowers the majority of the general assembly to expel obnoxious members; since they might thus expel any number short of twenty, which not only appears a dangerous power, but is not requisite to the object of controlling the council. Indeed, when we reflect, that among professors of the fine arts, whom we should presume to be men of ingenuous feeling, the pain of thinking with a powerless minority is of itself no inconsiderable suffering, when contrasted with the pleasure of thinking and acting with the majority, the expelling power seems as unnecessary among good as it would be dangerous to be entrusted to bad men.

" It is not, then, for any of these reasons that the public is troubled with a second pamphlet on this disagreeable subject; it is because I am one of those (to whom the Vindication professes to address itself) ' who take a laudable interest in the progress of the arts;' it is because I hate the affectation, as much as I love the reality, of moderation and candour; it is because I see a libellous accusation hypocritically brought forward against the majority of the members of the British School of Arts, of having ' laboured to subvert those laws, and lay prostrate that constitution, which they were bound, by every tie of honour and by every principle of duty, to uphold and support; it is because an imperium in imperio has ever been held absurd, and destructive to itself; it is because I behold, in the Vindication, a weak and foolish attempt to inculcate the arbitrary and anarchical doctrine of power without responsibility and government without subordination; and because, trusting that no man, not even the Vindicator, will confound a wish to improve with an endeavour to subvert the institution, I have no hesitation in asserting, and hope I have proved, that the laws of the Royal Academy call loudly for revisal and correction." p. 26.

XXXII. THE CONFESSIONS OF J. LACKINGTON, *late Bookseller, at the Temple of the Muses; in a Series of Letters to a Friend: to which are added, two Letters on the bad Consequences of having Daughters educated at Boarding-Schools.* 12*mo.* 200 *pages.* 2*s.* *Sold by all Booksellers.*

THIS truly curious volume contains Mr. Lackington's re-conversion to Westleyan Methodism, which appears to be sincere, though it possesses no small degree of singularity: we transcribe the 20th letter, page 130, which states the conversion fully.

" Dear Friend,

" About eight years since, the being and providence of God were a good deal impressed on my mind, so that I often reflected on those important subjects in my garden, in the fields, in bed, in short in all places. The principles and duties of natural religion had some influence on my mind and conduct. I sometimes went to church, where I felt a spirit of devotion; so that I found my heart engaged in the prayers, and felt some degree of thankfulness to God. I also felt the same spirit of devotion at times when not at church. Nor could I help admiring the character of

Christ; his precepts, also, appeared to me perfectly well calculated to promote both public and private happiness.

"In this state of mind, I went quietly and contentedly on for some years. As I had no relish for the ridiculous pursuits of those around me, my amusement was reading, or, now and then, scribbling.

"I at last, as I have before informed you, began to read some extracts from books on divinity, which I found in the Reviews. Those extracts gave me a more thoughtful turn, and left my mind open to conviction. The first entire work that I read in defence of revealed religion was archdeacon Paley's View of the Evidences of Christianity. This very excellent work I perhaps never should have read, had I not met with a pirated edition of it, the whole being printed in one volume duodecimo, on decent paper, which I bought bound for three and sixpence. I ever was disgusted and put out of humour when I saw any work spaced out with leads and other contrivances used to enlarge its bulk, and to make it sell for four times the price it might well be afforded at: there are many thousands of my mind, who will not purchase where such extortion is practised. The work in question might be handsomely printed in one volume, instead of two, octavo, for such as wish for a handsome edition; and for such as wish to have it cheap, it might be printed on a decent paper, in duodecimo, and sold bound for 3s.6d. were this done, there would be no bounds to the sale of it, as thousands would be given away, and very great good done; and the publisher would in the end get more by it. I would just observe, also, that when books in divinity are published at such extravagant prices, the authors, who, sometimes, having sold or given way their copyright, have no hand in setting the prices, are blamed, and looked upon as extortioners while they are enforcing the pure doctrines and precepts of the gospel.—But to return from this digression.

"By the time I had gone through this very able and convincing work once, I was effectually humbled, and obliged to cry out, God be merciful to me a dreadful sinner! I was obliged to confess that the wisdom, power, and love, of God were displayed in the gospel.

"But although I was convinced that the gospel was a revelation from God, yet I had great doubts as to the dispensations contained in the Old Testament; nor did I think the New Testament an inspired work: in short, I gave but little more credit to either the Old or New Testament, than I did to Xenophon or Livy. As I believed that Xenophon and Livy were honest men and faithful historians, I therefore credited their narrations. And even in this view of the authors of the New Testament, I could not help believing that the christian religion was a revelation of the will of God. On the same evidence, I saw that I ought to believe the Old Testament dispensations were from God; yet the various objections which unbelievers have repeatedly made to the Jewish dispensation, together with many texts in the Old Testament, were difficulties I could not get over, until I had read part of Paley again, and also the third enlarged edition of the first volume, and the second edition of the second volume, of Jenkin's Reasonableness and Certainty of the Christian Religion. This very extraordinary, learned, and sensible, work gave me ample satisfaction on those heads; and it is worth remarking, that this work was written before Tyndal, Collins, Morgan, &c. wrote their objections and misrepresentations, which makes them the more inexcusable. I have induced several of the clergy to look into this masterly work, who now think it a performance that discovers great reading, great abilities, and biblical learning.

"When I had satisfied myself on the above heads, I still had my doubts as to some of the mysteries of the christian religion. The divinity of Christ, the doctrine of the Trinity, and the atonement made by Christ, &c. I could not believe, because I could not comprehend them. I believed that Christ was sent by God to give mankind a pure system of morality, to assure us of the immortality of the soul, the resurrection of the body, and future rewards and punishments; and that, by his perfect life, his sufferings, and death, he had given us an excellent example. Further

than this, I could not believe, until I had again and again consulted the scriptures, various commentators, and the works of many other learned divines; from whom I received great assistance, particularly from Jenkin, and also from Bishop Butler's Analogy of Religion, an exceedingly valuable work. In this study, I have employed a very large portion of my time; and in it I have found a lasting source of pleasure and delight.

"After all my investigation, although I assent to the truth of those doctrines, I do not pretend that I comprehend them. I only believe them, because I think they are taught in the Old Testament, and by Christ and his apostles in the New Testament.

"The following passage in Butler's Analogy of Religion pleased me much: "Hence (says the doctor), namely, from analogical reasoning, Origen has, with singular sagacity, observed, that 'he who believes the scripture to have proceeded from him who is the Author of Nature, may well expect to find the same sort of difficulties in it as we found in the constitution of nature.' On the quotation, the doctor adds, 'And, in like way of reflection, it may be added, that he who denies the scripture to have been from God, upon account of these difficulties, may, for the very same reason, deny the world to have been formed by him. On the other hand, if there be an analogy, or likeness, between that system of things and dispensation of providence which revelation informs us of, and that system of things and dispensation of providence which experience, together with reason, inform us of, i. e. the known course of nature, this is a presumption, that they both have the same author and cause.'

"I have often, like other infidels, laughed at people's believing what they did not understand; without considering, that, were we to believe no more than what we understand, even of the common operations of nature, we should scarce believe any thing.

'Deep in the bosom of his universe,
Dropt down that reas'ning mite, that insect, man,
To crawl, and gaze and wonder at the scene,
That man might ne'er presume to plead amazement
For disbelief of wonders in himself.
Shall God be less miraculous than what
His hand has form'd? Shall mysteries descend
From unmysterious? things more elevate
Be more familiar? uncreated lie
More obvious than created to the grasp
Of human thought?—The more of wonderful
Is heard in him, the more we should assent.
Could we conceive Him, God he could not be;
Or he not God, or we could not be men.
A God alone can comprehend a God!
Man's distance how immense! on such a theme,
Know this, Lorenzo, seem it ne'er so strange,
Nothing can satisfy, but what confounds,
Nothing but what astonishes is true.
The scene thou seest attests the truth I sing,
And ev'ry star sheds light upon my creed.' NIGHT THOUGHTS.

"Jenkin, when treating of the doctrine of the Trinity, vol. ii. page 401, says, "The sum is, that, in the most perfect unity of the divine nature, do subsist the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, between whom is a real distinction, which, though not the same, yet is equivalent to the distinction of persons among men. That there is this unity and this distinction, we learn from the scriptures; but what kind of distinction this is, or how far it is to be reconciled with our notion of persons amongst men, and after what manner it is consistent with the unity of the Godhead, the scriptures have not told us, and it is impossible for us to determine.' In page 333, he says, 'But some men will say, how is this union between the divine and human nature in Christ made, or wherein doth it consist? To whom we may reply, as our Saviour sometimes did, by asking another question, and inquiring, how the body and soul of man is united? or, how God is present in all places? and, how 'in him we live, move, and have our being?' Page 196, he observes, 'The best philosophers have been able to give no account how motion can be communicated without an immediate impulse, or concourse, of the divine power." Page 147—'Through an immense

void space, the sun's rays find their regular and constant way, and in a few minutes pass from the sun to the earth; for which there is no cause assignable from the attractive power, which should rather detain the rays of light in a perpetual circulation about the sun's centre, than dart them forth, by so violent a motion, to the remotest distance. But God said—Let there be light, and there was light.—He prepared the light and the sun.—This is the best and the most philosophical account that has ever been given of the productions of light' Again —'If all the fluid which the sun loses in a year were brought into a solid form, it would not equal a grain of sand.'

"Gilpin, in his second sermon, observes, 'But it is mysterious, says the deist. Aye, surely; and so is every pile of grass you tread on. But the question is not whether a thing be mysterious, for all things are mysterious, but whether the mystery be supported by evidence? The pile of grass appeals to all nature for its being the work of God; and the truth of Christ's atonement, however mysterious, is supported by evidence equally strong: it rests on all the evidence that scripture can give it.'

'This great doctrine is supported also by the analogy of God's moral government, under which we all act as a kind of redeemers and mediators among each other, in our own little temporal affairs.'

'Nor is it a weak argument in favour of this doctrine, when we appeal to our own feelings. We must be conscious, when we look into ourselves, of such unworthiness, as must entirely disqualify us for the divine favour, without some better introduction than our own. It is an opinion strongly implanted in our nature—guilt always wishes for support.' It is said of Leibnitz, that he never mentions the sacred books but with respect: 'they are filled (said he) with a morality necessary to man.' He said also, we ought to judge of the works of God as wisely as Socrates did of those of Heraclitus, by saying, 'That which I comprehend pleases me; I believe the rest would not please me less, if I understood it.'

———Man to himself
Is all a miracle; I cannot see
The latent cause, yet such I know there is,
That gives the body motion, nor tell
By what strange impulse 'tis, the ready limb
Performs the purposes of will. How then
Shall thou or I, who cannot span ourselves,
In this our narrow vessel, comprehend
The being of a God!' VIL. CURATE.'

"I am,

"Dear Friend,

"Your's."

p. 136.

Mr. L. treats ladies' boarding-schools with a merciless severity. They may, indeed, want considerable reformation.

XXXIII. MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF DR. DARWIN, *chiefly during his Residence at Lichfield; with Anecdotes of his Friends and Criticisms on his Writings. By* ANNA SEWARD. *8vo. 450 pages. 7s. 6d. Johnson.*

THESE well written memoirs impart considerable information respecting Dr. Darwin, in whom the physician and poet were united. Our first extract shall specify his birth, character, and manners.

"Dr. Erasmus Darwin was the son of a private gentleman near Newark, in Nottinghamshire. He came to Lichfield to practise physic in the autumn of the year 1756, at the age of twenty-four, bringing high recommendations from the university of Edinburgh, in which he had studied, and from that of Cambridge, to which he belonged.

"He was somewhat above the middle size, his form athletic and inclined to corpulence, his limbs too heavy for exact proportion. The traces of a severe small pox, features and countenance which, when they were not animated by social pleasure, were rather saturnine than sprightly, a stoop in the shoulders, and the then professional appendage, a large full-bottomed wig, gave, at that early period of life, an appearance of nearly twice the years he bore. Florid health, and the earnest of good humour, a sunny smile, on entering a room, and

on first accosting his friends, rendered, in his youth, that exterior agreeable to which beauty and symmetry had not been propitious.

"He stammered extremely; but whatever he said, whether gravely or in jest, was always well worth waiting for, though the inevitable impression it made might not always be pleasant to individual self-love. Conscious of great native elevation above the general standard of intellect, he became, early in life, sore upon opposition, whether in argument or conduct, and always revenged it by sarcasm of very keen edge. Nor was he less impatient of the sallies of egotism and vanity, even when they were in so slight a degree that strict politeness would rather tolerate than ridicule them. Dr. Darwin seldom failed to present their caricature in jocose but wounding irony. If these ingredients of colloquial despotism were discernible in *unworn* existence, they increased as it advanced, fed by an ever-growing reputation within and without the pale of medicine.

"Extreme was his scepticism to human truth. From that cause, he often disregarded the accounts his patients gave of themselves, and rather chose to collect his information by indirect inquiry and by cross-examining them, than from their voluntary testimony. That distrust and that habit were probably favourable to his skill in discovering the origin of diseases, and, thence, to his pre-eminent success in effecting their cure; but they impressed his mind and tinctured his conversation with an apparent want of confidence in mankind, which was apt to wound the ingenuous and confiding spirit, whether seeking his medical assistance or his counsel as a friend. Perhaps this proneness to suspicion mingled too much of art in his wisdom.

"From the time at which Dr. Darwin first came to Lichfield, he avowed a conviction of the pernicious effects of all vinous fluid on the youthful and healthy constitution; an absolute horror of spirits of all sorts, and however diluted. His own example, with very few exceptions, supported his exhortations. From strong malt liquor he totally abstained, and if he drank a glass or two of English wine, he mixed it with water. Acid fruits, with sugar, and all sorts of creams, and butter, were his luxuries; but he always ate plentifully of animal food. This liberal alimentary regimen he prescribed to people of every age, where unvitiated appetite rendered them capable of following it, even to infants. He despised the prejudice which deems foreign wines more wholesome than the wines of the country. If you must drink wine, said he, let it be home-made. It is well known, that Dr. Darwin's influence and example have sobered the county of Derby—that intemperance in fermented fluid of every species is almost unknown amongst it's gentlemen.

"Professional generosity distinguished Dr. Darwin's medical practice. While resident in Lichfield, to the priest and lay-vicars of it's cathedral, and their families, he always cheerfully gave his advice, but never took fees from any of them. Diligently, also, did he attend to the health of the poor in that city, and, afterwards, at Derby, and supplied their necessities by food and all sorts of charitable assistance. In each of those towns, his was the cheerful board of almost open-housed hospitality, without extravagance or parade; deeming ever the first unjust, the latter unmanly. Generosity, wit, and science, were his household gods.

"To those many rich presents which nature bestowed on the mind of Dr. Darwin, she added the seducing and often dangerous gift of a highly poetic imagination; but he remembered how fatal that gift professionally became to the young physicians, Akenside and Armstrong. Concerning them, the public could not be persuaded that so much excellence in an ornamental science was compatible with intense application to a severer study; with such application as it held necessary to a responsibility towards which it might look for the source of disease, on which it might lean for the struggle with mortality. Thus, thro' the first twenty-three years of his practice as a physician, Dr. Darwin, with the wisdom of Ulysses, bound himself to the medical mast, that he might not follow those delusive syrens, the muses, or be considered as their avowed votary. Occasional little pieces, however, stole at seldom-occurring periods from his

pen; though he cautiously precluded their passing the press, before his latent genius for poetry became unveiled to the public eye in it's copious and dazzling splendour. Most of these minute gems have stolen into newspapers and magazines, since the impregnable rock, on which his medicinal and philosophical reputation were placed, induced him to contend for that species of fame which should entwine the Parnassian laurel with the balm of Pharmacy." p. 7.

We shall next transcribe a critical estimate of his great work, the Botanic Garden.

"It consists of two parts; the first contains the Economy of Vegetation, the second, the Loves of the Plants. Each is enriched by a number of philosophical notes: they state a great variety of theories and experiments in botany, chemistry, electricity, mechanics, and in the various species of air, salubrious, noxious, and deadly. The discoveries of the modern professors in all those sciences are frequently mentioned with praise highly gratifying to them. In these notes, explanations are found of every personified plant, it's generic history, it's local situation, and the nature of the soil and climate to which it is indigenous; it's botanic and its common name.

"The verse, corrected, polished, and modulated, with the most sedulous attention, the notes involving such great diversity of matter relating to natural history, and the composition going forward in the short recesses of professional attendance, but chiefly in his chaise, as he travelled from one place to another, the Botanic Garden could not be the work of one, two, or three, years; it was ten from its primal lines to it's first publication. The immense price which the bookseller gave for this work was doubtless owing to considerations which inspired his trust in it's popularity. Botany was at that time, and still continues, a very fashionable study. Not only philosophers, but fine ladies and gentlemen sought to explore it's arcana. This poem, therefore, involved two classes of readers by whom it would, probably, be purchased. Every skilful botanist, every mere tyro in the science, would wish to possess it for the sake of the notes, though, insensible, perhaps, as the veriest rustic to the charms of poetry; while every reader awakened to them must be ambitious to see such a constellation of poetic stars in his library —all that gave immortality to Ovid's fame, without the slightest imitation of his manner, the least debt to his ideas; since, though Dr. Darwin often retells that poet's stories, it is always with new imagery and heightened interest.

"Certainly, it was by an inversion of all custom that Dr. Darwin published the second part of his poem first. The reason given for so extraordinary a manœuvre in that advertisement which led the younger sister before the elder on the field of public exhibition is this, that the appearance of the first part had been deferred till another year, for the purpose of repeating some experiments in vegetation.

"The doctor was accustomed to remark, that whenever a strange step had been taken, if any way obnoxious to censure, the alleged reason was scarcely ever the real motive. His own singular management in this instance, and the way in which he accounted for it, proved a case in point. He was conscious that the second part of his work would be more level than the first to the comprehension, more congenial to the taste, of the superficial reader, from it's being much less abstract and metaphysic, while it possessed more than sufficient poetic matter to entertain and charm the enlightened and judicious few. They, however, he well knew, when his first part should appear, would feel it's superiority to the earlier publication, it's grander conceptions, it's more splendid imagery, though less calculated to amuse and to be understood by common readers. Those of that last number who had purchased the first part would not like to possess the poem incomplete, and therefore would purchase the second. The observations of this paragraph refer to the poetry of the work, and to the two classes of readers who would value it chiefly on that account. The notes to each part must render them equally valuable to the votaries of botany and other modern sciences.

"It is with just and delicate criticism that Mr. Fellowes again observes of Dr. Darwin's poetry—'In perspi-

cuity, which is one of the first excellencies in poetic as well as prose composition, this author has, perhaps, few equals. He is clear, even when describing the most intricate operations of nature, or the most complex works of art; and there is a lucid transparency in his style thro' which we see objects in their exact figure and proportion; but Dr. Darwin's poetry wants sensation; that sort of excellence which, while it enables us to see distinctly the objects described, makes us feel them acting on our nerves.'

"A little reflection is, perhaps, necessary precisely to understand this criticism, distinguishing between vivid poetry which does *not* excite sensation, and vivid poetry which *does* excite it. Instances will best elucidate the distinction. See the two following descriptions of a wintery evening, late in autumn.

'BOTANIC GARDEN.

'Then, o'er the cultur'd lawns and dreary waste,
Retiring autumn flings her howling blast,
Bends in tumultuous waves the struggling woods,
And showers her leafy honours on the floods;
In withering heaps collects the flowery spoil,
And each chill insect sleeps beneath the soil.'

"Quoted from a sonnet of Mr. C. Lloyd's, published with Mr. Coleridge's poems.—

'Dismal November! me it sooths to view,
At parting day, the scanty foliage fall
From the wet fruit-tree or the grey stone wall,
Whose cold films glisten with unwholesome dew;
To watch the sweepy mists from the dank earth
Enfold the nighbouring copse, while, as they pass,
The silent rain-drop bends the long, rank, grass,
Which wrapssome blossom's immatured birth;
And, through my cot's lone lattice, glimmering grey,
Thy damp chill evenings have a charm for me,
Dismal November!'

"The picture is equally just and striking in both the above quotations; but the first, though more dignified, does not thrill our nerves, and the second does. We admire in the former the power and grace of the poet; in the latter, we forget the poet and his art, and only yearn to see images reflected in his mirror which we have annually and many times shuddered to survey in real life.

"When Dr. Darwin describes the glow-worm, supposing it's light to be phosphoric, he thus exhorts his allegoric personages, the nymphs of fire, meaning the electrical powers—

'Warm, on her mossy couch, the radiant worm
Guard from cold dews her love-illumin'd form,
From leaf to leaf conduct the virgin-light—
Star of the earth, and diamond of the night!'

"Nothing can be more poetic, more brilliant, than this picture; yet, when Shakespear says—

'The glow-worm shows the morning to be near,
And 'gins to pale his ineffectual fire—'

we feel sensations which the more resplendent picture of this insect had failed to inspire, notwithstanding the pleasure it had given us, the admiration it had excited.

"Probably, the reason why Dr. Darwin's poetry, while it delights the imagination, leaves the nerves at rest, may be, that he seldom mixes with the picturesque the, as it is termed in criticism, moral epithet; meaning that quality of the thing mentioned which pertains more to the mind or heart, than to the eye, and which, instead of picture, excites sensation. Shakespear gives no distinct picture of the glow-worm, since the only epithet he uses for it is not descriptive of its appropriate lustre, which has a tint specified in the ensuing quotation.

"——From the bloom that spreads,
Resplendent, in the lucid morn of May
To the green light the little glow-worm sheds
On mossy banks, when midnight glooms prevail,
And silence broods o'er all the shelter'd dale.'

" If Dr. Darwin also omits to mention the particular hue of this insect, when it is luminous, he conveys that hue to the imagination, when he says—' Star of the earth,' since the largest and brightest stars have the same master-tint. Ossian says, ' Night is dull and dark, no star with it's green trembling beams!'

" But Shakespear's moral epithet—ineffectual—does better than paint it's object. It excites a sort of tender pity for the little insect, shining without either warmth or useful light in the dark and lonely hours.

' BOTANIC GARDEN.

' And now the rising moon, with lustre pale,
O'er heaven's dark arch unfurls her milky veil.'

" This picture is charming; yet when Milton paints the same object thus—

' ——Now reigns,
Full orb'd, the moon, and with more pleasant light,
Shadowy, sets off the face of things,'

the charm is on the nerves, as well as on the eye. The moral epithet—pleasant—excites sensation, while the picturesque epithet—shadowy—has all the truth, the grace, and power, of the pencil. It is that charm on the nerves to which Mr. Fellowes so well applies the word sensation. It seems a new term in criticism, and is useful to express what pathos would express too strongly, and, therefore, with less accuracy. Pathos is the power of affecting the heart: by sensation, is meant that of acting upon the nerves.

" Beneath their torpor, the heart or the passions cannot be affected; but the nerves may be awakened to lively or pensive pleasure by composition which, not exciting any positive passion, may not act upon the heart in a degree to justify the application of the word pathetic; and for this gentler, subtler, and more evanescent, influence, which almost imperceptibly touches the passions, without agitating them, Mr. F.'s term is happy.

" Dr. Darwin's excellence consists in delighting the eye, the taste, and the fancy, by the strength, distinctness, elegance, and perfect originality, of his pictures; and in delighting the ear by the rich cadence of his numbers; but the passions are generally asleep, and seldom are the nerves thrilled by his imagery, impressive and beauteous as it is, or by his landscapes, with all their vividness.

" It may, however, be justly pleaded for his great work, that it's ingenious and novel plan did not involve any claim upon the affections. We are presented with an highly imaginative and splendidly descriptive poem, whose successive pictures alternately possess the sublimity of Michael Angelo, the correctness and elegance of Raphael, with the glow of Titian; whose landscapes have, at times, the strength of Salvator, and, at others, the softness of Claude; whose numbers are of stately grace and artful harmony; while it's allusions to ancient and modern history and fable, and it's interspersion of recent and extraordinary anecdotes, render it extremely entertaining.—Adapting the past and recent discoveries in natural and scientific philosophy to the purposes of heroic verse, the Botanic Garden forms a new class in poetry, and, by so doing, gives to the British Parnassus a wider extent than it possessed in Greece or in ancient or modern Rome.

" Nor is it only that this composition takes unbeaten ground, and forms an additional order in the fanes of the muses; it forms that new order so brilliantly, that, though it may have many imitators, it will probably never have an equal in it's particular class; neither would it's style apply happily to subjects less intrinsically picturesque. The species of praise here given to this work is all that it's author desired to excite. We have no right to complain of any writer, or to censure him, for not possessing those powers at which he did not aim, and which are not necessarily connected with his plan.

" To the subject Dr. Darwin chose, his talents were eminently calculated. Neither Pope nor Gray would have executed it so well; nor would Darwin have written so fine an Essay on Man, so interesting a Churchyard, or so lovely an Ode on the prospect of the school at which he was educated, had that school been Eaton. He would not have succeeded so transcen-

dently on themes which demanded either pathos or that sort of tender and delicate feeling in the poet which excites in the reader sympathetic sensation; or yet in the sacred morality of ethic poetry, which, however it may admit or require that fancy adorn it with some rare and lovely flowers, 'allows to ornament but a second place, and always renders it subordinate to intrinsic worth and just design.' To whomsoever he might have been practically inferior on themes he has left unattempted, he is surely not inferior to Ovid; and if poetic taste is not much degenerated, or shall not hereafter degenerate, the Botanic Garden will live as long as the Metamorphoses.

"That in his poetic style, Dr. Darwin is a mannerist, cannot be denied; but so was Milton, in the Paradise Lost; so was Young, in the Night Thoughts; so was Akenside, in the Pleasures of Imagination. The Darwinian peculiarity is in part formed by the very frequent use of the imperative mood, generally beginning the couplet either with that, or with the verb active, or the noun personal. Hence, the accent lies oftener on the first syllable of each couplet in his verse than in that of any other rhymist; and it is, in consequence, peculiarly spirited and energetic. Dr. Darwin's style is also distinguished by the liberal use of the spondee, viz.* two monosyllables, equally accented, following each other instantly in some part of the line.

"Spondees, judiciously used, vary and increase the general harmony in every species of verse, whether blank or rhyme. They preserve the numbers from too lusciousness, from cloying sameness, from feeble elegance, and that, by contrasting the smoothness of the dactyls and the rich melodies of the iambic accents. So discords resolving into concords inspirit the strains of musical composition. But it is possible to make too frequent use of the spondee in poetry, as of the discord in music. Dr. Darwin's ear preserved him from that exuberance; but Mr. Bowles, one of the finest poets of this day, often renders his versification, which is at times most exquisitely sweet, harsh, by the too frequently-recurring spondee.

"From that gentleman's verse, a couple of instances may be selected, to show, in one, that harmony may be improved by a sparing use of that accent, and injured, in the other, by using it too freely.

'MR. BOWLES' HOPE.

'But lusty Enterprise, with looks of glee,
Approach'd the drooping youth, as he would say,
Come to the *wild woods* and the hills with me,
And throw thy sullen myrtle wreath away!'

'BOWLES' ELEGIAC STANZAS.

'Hast thou* not visited that pleasant place,
Where in this *hard world* I have happiest been,
And shall I tremble at thy lifted mace,
That hath *pierc'd all* on which *life seem'd* to lean?'

"The recurrence of two equally accented words three times in the stanza, and twice in the last line, incumbers the versification, while the single use of the spondee in the preceding four lines, from Hope, gives it grace and beauty. Dr. Darwin, in the following passage, has used it frequently, without producing any such dead weight upon the verse. The quotation is from the charge of the Botanic Queen to the Nymphs of Fire, a poetic allegory for the influence of the fluid matter of heat in forwarding the germination and growth of plants.

"Pervade, pellucid forms, their cold retreat!
Ray, from *bright orbs*, your viewless floods of heat!
From earth's *deep wastes* electric torrents pour,
Or shed from heav'n the scintillating shower!
Pierce the *dull root*, relax it's fibre trains,
Thaw the *thick blood* that lingers in it's veins!
Melt with *warm breath* the fragrant gums that bind
Th' expanding foliage in it's scaly rind!

"* This explanation is for the ladies.

'* Death.

And, as in air the laughing leaflets play,
And turn their shining bosoms to the ray,
Nymphs, with *sweet smile*, each opening flower invite,
And on it's damask eyelids pour the light!'

"On reflection, it should seem that it is the situation of these twin accents in the line, which prevents their frequent recurrence from producing harshness. It will be observed in the last quotation, that all the many spondees are preceded by two syllables; and that it is only when they are preceded by an odd syllable, either one or three, that they increase the harmony by their sparing and injure it by their frequent appearance. One syllable only goes before the spondee in this line from the Botanic Garden:

'The *wan stars* glimmering through the silver train.'

Three syllables in this verse from the same poem:

'Where now the *South-sea* heaves it's waste of frost.'

Again—

'*Loud shrieks* the *lone thrush* from his leafless thorn.

And, in that last instance, the spondee recurring twice in one line, harshness is the result. Once used only, and the harshness had been avoided: thus—

'And shrieks the *lone thrush* from the leafless thorn.'

"The following is a couplet where the spondee succeeding to three monosyllables, has an exquisite effect of sound echoing sense.

'BOTANIC GARDEN.

'With paler lustre where Aquarius burns,
And showers the *still snow* from his hoary urns.

"We find another striking peculiarity in Dr. Darwin's style, that of invariably presenting a class by an impersonified individual: thus—

'Where, nurs'd in night, incumbent Tempest shrouds
The seeds of thunder in circumfluent clouds.'

Again—

'Where, with chill frown, enormous Alps alarms
A thousand realms horizon'd in his arms.'

Again—

'Sailing in air, when dark Monsoon enshrouds
His trophic mountains in a night of clouds.'

"Similar instances crowd the pages of the Botanic Garden. There is extreme sublimity in the whole of that passage which converts the monsoon winds into an individual monster,

'That showers on Afric all his thousand urns.'

"Dr. Johnson, Mr. Burke, and Dr. Parr, have the same habit in their prose—'Criticism pronounces,' instead of 'Critics pronounce.' 'Malignance will not allow,' instead of 'Malignant people will not allow.' 'Good nature refuses to listen,' instead of 'A good-natured man refuses to listen,' and so on.

"This manner of writing, whether in verse or prose, sweeps from the polished marble of poetry and eloquence a number of the sticks and straws of our language: it's articles, conjunctives, and prepositions. Addison's serious essays are so littered with them and with idioms, as to render it strange that they should still be considered as patterns of didactic oratory. No man of genius, however, adopts their diffuse and feeble style, now that the strength, the grace, and harmony, of prose-writing, on the dignified examples of our later essayists, senators, and pleaders, give us better examples. These observations relate solely to the grave compositions of the celebrated Atticus. The quiet, easy, elegant, gaiety of his comic papers in the Spectator remains unrivalled.

"It has already been observed in the course of this tract, that Dr. Darwin's muse ranges through nature

and art, through history, fable, and recent anecdote, to vary, inspirit, and adorn, this her luxuriant work. If she impersonizes too lavishly—if, devoted to picture, she covers every inch of the walls of her mansion with landscapes, allegoric groups, and with single figures—if no insterticial space is left to increase the effect of these splendid forms of the imagination—yet be it remembered, that it is always in the reader's power to draw each picture from the mass, and to insulate it by his attention. It will recompense by it's grandeur, it's beauty, or it's terrific grace, the pains he may take to view it in every light, ere he proceeds to examine other objects in the work, which he will find of equal force and skill in their formation.

" Dr. Darwin gives us, in this poem, classic fables from Homer, Virgil, and Ovid, and *so* gives them, places the persons of each little drama in such new and interesting situations and attitudes, that he must indeed be a dull prose-man who shall exclaim, undelighted, ' This is an old story!' " p. 189.

Miss S. now proceeds to give at length an analysis of the Botanic Garden, accompanied with critical observations. But we can only add the concluding pages of the work. The authoress had been speaking of his Phytologia; or, the Philosophy of Agriculture and Gardening.—

" Here let the biographic pen arrest it's course, nor attempt to follow this penetrating and excursive mind through the wide and complicated mazes of agricultural dissertation. Returning back to the verge of this vast field of treasured observation and scientific literature, the memorialist may be allowed to observe what never slumbering attention to the operations of nature and the present state of cultivation, what unwearied research into the records of other philosophers, this book evinces! A man of such immense professional engagements as Dr. Darwin, composing and publishing this work only, had built his lettered reputation upon no narrow or unstable basis. But when we consider it as a brother-production to the Zoonomia, two large quartos, as bulky, as small a type, and as crowded writing, as the Phytologia, when we consider, also, his splendid poetic work, with it's host of philosophic notes, there is surely no partiality to him, no want of candour to others, in maintaining, that it can only be from native littleness or acquired warp of mind, where the greatness and energy of Dr. Darwin's genius and knowledge are denied. Yet let it be remembered, that it is poetic eminence, not pre-eminence, which has here been demanded for his muse. Superlative epithets have found no place in his eulogium on these pages; for their author remembers and reveres the exalted claims of his poetic predecessors and contemporaries of the eighteenth century. Incomparable, unrivalled, matchless, are terms of applause which can only be, with truth, applied to three men of genius in times past or present; to Shakespear, as a dramatic poet; to Newton, as a philosopher; to Handel, as a musician; not to Homer, not to Milton, since they stand abreast with each other, and divide the epic palm. Perhaps, without trespass on literary truth, Gray might also be termed peerless, as a lyric poet, since he equals Pindar in the dignity of his language, in the sublimity of his imagery, and in the interwoven morality, alternately awful and tender; and since he chose subjects so much more exalted than the Pindaric themes for those two great odes which place him first at the goal of the lyric muse.—Their measures are magnificent and harmonious to the utmost power of the English tongue. Pindar could not carry that excellence higher in the Greek language; therefore, if any superiority remains to the ancient classic, respecting his metre, it must result from the more sonorous tones of the Greek, not from transcendence of genius in it's great lyrist, compared with the British poet. Whatever importance the fashion of that period might attach to Pindar's themes, however mythologic and historic allusion might give them auxiliar elevation, yet the foot-races of children, though the sons of princes, and the chariot-races of youthful heroes, possess no eternity of attraction, compared to the subject of Gray's Progress of Poesy, and of his Bard. For the first, the physical and moral powers of the muses; their universal influence, in different degrees, in every

clime; the three great seats of their empire, Greece, Italy, and England —Dramatic, Epic, and Lyric, Poetry, supported in Britain by Shakespear, Milton, and Dryden.

"For the second, and still greater, ode, the sanguinary crime against the muses committed by an otherwise illustrious monarch, the supposed consequences of that crime, a train of misfortunes to the remaining line of the Plantagenets; it's regal sons,

'Another, and another, gold-bound brow,

passing before us in the awful obscurity, the 'darkness visible,' of poetic prophecy; the accession of another royal house, in which the rival roses were entwined; the brilliant reign of it's virgin queen, who was to carry the prosperity and the renown of a great nation to it's utmost line; the day of poesy, sunk in eclipse from the period of the massacre, rising again with redoubled splendour in that epoch; the exultation of the Cambrian bard, who thus foresees the restored glory of his art in the genius of him who sung the fairy region, and by that of the mighty master of the sock and buskin; the continuance of that glory through future times by the Song of Eden, and the strains of successive warblers; the exultation closing by the plunge of the injured bard amid Conway's deep and tumultuous flood!—Can pedestrian speed and the dexterity of the whip and rein, by any effort of talent, be raised to the intrinsic grandeur of themes like these? Ah! when will our schools and universities exchange classical partiality for patriotism, and become just to the exalted merits of the English poets? To that sincere and ardent patriotism, the author of these memoirs hopes will be remitted her tributary digression to the fame of Gray.

"Sunday, the 18th of April, 1802, deprived Derby and it's vicinity, and the encircling counties, of Dr. Darwin; the lettered world of his genius. During a few preceding years, he had been subject to sudden and alarming disorders of the chest, in which he always applied the lancet instantly and freely: he had repeatedly risen in the night and bled himself. It was said that he suspected angina pectoris to be the cause of those his sudden paroxysms, and that it would produce sudden death. The conversation which he held with Mrs. Darwin and her friend, the night before he died, gave colour to the report. In the preceding year, he had a very dangerous illness. It originated from a severe cold caught by obeying the summons of a patient in Derby, after he had himself taken strong medicine. His skill, his courage, his exertion, struggled vehemently with his disease. Repeated and daring use of the lancet at length subdued it, but, in all likelihood, irreparably weakened the system. He never looked so well after as before his seizure; increased debility of step, and a certain wanness of countenance, awakened those fears for him which great numbers felt who calculated upon his assistance when hours of pain and danger might come. It was said, that, during his illness, he reproved the sensibility and tears of Mrs. Darwin, and bid her remember that she was the wife of a philosopher.

"The public papers and magazines recorded, with tolerable accuracy, the nature of his final seizure; the conversation he held in the garden of his new residence, the Priory, with Mrs. Darwin and her female friend; the idea which he communicated to them, that he was not likely to live to see the effect of those improvements he had planned; Mrs. Darwin affectionately combating that idea by observing, that he looked remarkably well that evening; his reply, that he had generally found himself in his best health a few days preceding his attacks; the spirits and strength with which he arose the next morning at six, to write letters; the large draught of cold butter-milk, which, according to his usual custom, he had swallowed. All these circumstances early met the public eye; and, in the imperfect sketches of his life which accompanied them, a strange habit was imputed to Dr. Darwin, which presents such an exterior of idiot-seeming indelicacy, that the author of this tract is tempted to express her entire disbelief of it's truth; viz. that his tongue was generally hanging out of his mouth as he walked along. She has often, of late years, met him in the streets of Lichfield, alone and

musing, and never witnessed a custom so indecent. From the early loss of his teeth, he looked much older than he was. That loss exposes the tongue to view while speaking, and Dr. Darwin's mouth certainly thus disclosed the ravages of time, but by no means in any offensive degree.

"It was the general opinion that a glass of brandy might have saved him for that time. It's effects would have been more powerful from his utter disuse of spirits; but such was the abhorrence in which he held them, that it is probable no intreaties could have induced him to have swallowed a dram, though, surely, on any sudden chill of the blood, it's effect, so injurious on habitual application, might have proved restoring.

"On that last morning, he had written one page of a very sprightly letter to Mr. Edgeworth, describing the Priory, and his purposed alterations there, when the fatal signal was given. He rang the bell, and ordered his servant to send Mrs. Darwin to him. She came immediately, with his daughter, Miss Emma Darwin. They saw him shivering and pale. He desired them to send directly to Derby for his surgeon, Mr. Hadley. They did so; but all was over before he could arrive.

"It was reported at Lichfield, that, perceiving himself growing rapidly worse, he said to Mrs. Darwin —'My dear, you must bleed me instantly.' 'Alas! I dare not, lest—' 'Emma, will you? there is no time to be lost.' 'Yes, my dear father, if you will direct me.' At that moment, he sunk into his chair and expired.

"The body was opened, but it was said the surgeons found no traces of peculiar disease; that the state of the viscera indicated a much more protracted existence; yet thus, in one hour, was extinguished that vital light which the preceding hour had shone in flattering brightness, promising duration; such is often the 'cunning flattery of nature;' that light which, through half a century, had diffused it's radiance and it's warmth so widely; that light, in which penury had been cheered, in which science had expanded; to whose orb poetry had brought all her images; before whose influence disease had continually retreated, and death so often turned aside his levelled dart!

"Awful is the lesson of such an extinction! trebly awful in it's suddenness! Let no one say that it is not more awful than the similar destiny of ordinary human beings; for the impression made by unexpected, immediate, and everlasting, absence will be diffusive, will be strong, in proportion to the abilities and usefulness of those who vanish at once from society. We feel the solemn lesson sink deep into our hearts when minds so largely endowed and adorned evince, in their fate, the truths uttered by that sublime poet,* who made the threats and the promises of the gospel the theme of his midnight strains; and thus they admonish—

'By nature's law, what must be may be NOW;
There's no prerogative in human hours.
In human hearts, what bolder thought can rise
Than man's presumption on to-morrow's dawn?
Where is to-morrow? In another world!
For numbers, this is certain; the reverse
Is sure to none; and yet, on this perhaps,
This peradventure, infamous for lies,
As on a rock of adamant, we build;
Though every dial warns us as we pass,
Portentous as the written wall that turn'd,
O'er midnight bowls, the proud Assyrian pale!'

"Another, and the last, poetic work of Dr. Darwin is now in the press: the Temple of Nature. His memorialist on these pages has not seen a line of the composition. The curiosity of the ingenious must be ardently excited to view the setting emanation of this brilliant day-star; they must hope that neither age, disease, nor the dread calamity he had endured, in December, 1799, shed mist or cloud upon it's rays.

"Dr. Darwin died in his sixty-ninth year.

"This tract is presented to the public beneath it's author's idea, that it may probably displease two classes of readers, should it attract their notice; the dazzled idolaters of the late Dr. Darwin, who will not allow that

* Dr. Young.

there were any spots in his sun; and that much larger class, who, from party prejudice, religious zeal, or literary envy, or a combination of all those motives, are unjust to his high claims, at least, as a philosopher and a poet. There is another class of readers, who, if these faithful records shall be honoured by their perusal, will feel gratified to see one distinguished character of these times neither varnished by partiality nor darkened by prejudice. They must be conscious that human beings, whatever may have been their talents, whatever their good qualities, are seldom found perfect, except on the pages of their eulogists; conscious, also, that, while the intellectual powers of the wise and the renowned excite admiration, their errors may not less usefully be contemplated as warnings, than their virtues as examples." p. 430.

Dr. Darwin having lived a great part of his life in the city of Lichfield, Miss S., of course, was intimately acquainted with him, and, therefore, undertook this piece of biography.

XXXIV. THE MILITARY MENTOR: *being a series of Letters recently written by a General Officer to his son, on his entering the Army; comprising a Course of elegant Instruction calculated to unite the characters and accomplishments of the gentleman and the soldier. fscap. 8vo. 2 vols. 250 pages each.* 10*s. Phillips.*

THIS publication contains upwards of forty letters on subjects relative to war, interspersed with many interesting anecdotes. We transcribe the preface, being short.

" PREFACE.

" The public are here presented with a series of authentic letters, written, some of them very recently, by a general officer to his son, a youth of great promise, on his entering the army. The gallant writer has consented to their appearing in this manner, from the hope that, in the present circumstances of the country, their publication may be neither useless nor unacceptable, by offering to the youth of the British army a manual which may tend to excite in their minds an ardour for noble and valiant achievements.

" The examples which are brought forward exhibit wonderful proofs of the energy of the human mind, even in circumstances of much depression, and when no motives of adequate power could have offered to animate exertion. If, then, in states the most arbitrary, and in situations the most severe, the simple feeling of dignified honour could prompt to the greatest deeds, what may not be expected from the British soldier, who is stimulated by so many additional motives to excite him to glory? Our free constitution and our happy island have been for ages the envy and the admiration of all surrounding nations; and to the bravery of our seamen and our soldiers do we owe the long possession of the distinguished rank we occupy in the civilized world. In a crisis when our very existence as a people is threatened by a desperate foe, the writer has expressed his confidence that, should the exertions of his fellow soldiers be called for in the arduous contest, there will be found among them many illustrious examples which the historian may select with exultation and triumph, to instruct and animate future ages to conquest and to glory.

" It is, perhaps, scarcely necessary to mention, that, in adapting the original manuscript for publication, the examples have, in some few instances, been subjected to a fresh arrangement." p. v.

We add also the ninth letter.

" ON HUMANITY.

" An officer cannot acquire the military virtues but in proportion as he shall practise the moral ones. Among the latter, humanity holds the first rank, and gives a lustre to all the others.

" War, that expedient to which originally the vices and follies of mankind prompted them for the arbitration of their contradictory interests and opinions, appears in it's most terrible form when unchecked in it's excesses by the interference of this

amiable virtue. Charles the Bald, duke of Burgundy, having met with very great resistance in besieging the town of Nesle, as soon as it surrendered to him, he ordered the inhabitants to be put to the sword, the commanding officer to be hung on the ramparts, and the whole town to be set on fire. Then, looking on these atrocities with the greatest coolness, he said to one of his attendants—'Such fruit does the tree of war bear!'

"Happily, however, for the world, the heroes of military story have not always been of such principles. 'Brave men (said Henry IV of France) are the last to advise war, but the first to go into the field when it is determined upon.' He answered those persons who wished him to break off a treaty of capitulation, that it was a thing against nature, and barbarous, to make war for the mere love of war; and that a prince should never refuse a peace, unless it was extremely disadvantageous to his country. 'There would (added he) be fewer wars in the world, if every sovereign would visit his military hospitals the next day after a battle.'

"A single trait of humanity has often gained a hero greater honour and applause than the most brilliant and dazzling achievements. The battles of Arbella, of Zama, and of Pharsalia, were less glorious for Alexander, Scipio, and Cæsar, and have rendered their names less dear to posterity, than the opportunities of generosity which they effectually afforded to their respective heroes.

"Plutarch relates, that one of the principal citizens of Athens having been taken prisoner by the Macedonians, was so well treated by them, that when they were about to release him, he said to his countrymen, who were surprised at seeing him shed tears, 'Do you think that I can without regret take leave of a city which contains enemies so generous, that it will be difficult to find elsewhere friends equally valuable?' This conduct of the Macedonians subdued more people to Alexander than the power of his arms.

"The truly great man is always a good citizen: he considers humanity as the first of his duties: he is just, simple, disinterested, and unassuming, to all. He may be quick and rapid in his movements, but they will be always tempered by wisdom and kindness: he is never terrible but to the enemy; to his superiors, he is submissive; easy with his equals, affable with his inferiors, accessible to all. He does not pride himself upon his talents; he will take care to notice and to reward those of others; in short, my son, you will see him at all times sacrificing his own glory and his own advantage to the good of his country.

"The interests of his own private fortune, unjust insults from others, or ill-grounded prejudice and prepossession against him, will never induce him to swerve from that moderation which regulates the whole of his conduct.

"Humanity is frank and disinterested: self-interest is sufficient to tarnish the noblest actions of a warrior; for the people, who, in this case, will not fail to ascribe his actions to avarice, will withhold from him even the praise he has justly earned. The satisfaction of acquiring the esteem and the love of a whole province—is not this of infinitely greater value than the possession of a sum of money which has been wrung from the tears of the unfortunate, and which has caused the ruin of a hundred families?

"When Turenne, after the war of the Venetians against the Turks, was about to return to France, the Sclavonians, in offering to him their parting wishes, thus addressed him: 'We pray, with all our hearts, that, wherever you go, you may be received with affection and with respect equal to your merits; but, should you one day have need of us, we now offer you, in the name of all our comrades, to lead ten thousand men wherever you may direct, in your service.'

"Countries would not suffer half the distresses which are the ordinary consequence of hostilities, if the leaders of an army strictly observed that no further outrages were committed than the laws of war and the duty of self-defence absolutely enjoin. Thus, the claims of nature and of humanity would be fulfilled, and the indignation and the curses of the inhabitants would not, as is too generally the case, follow the footsteps of the victorious army.

"There have been instances of officers, not deficient either in bravery or in skill, who, at the same time, sought only to enrich themselves; and who, sacrificing to this base motive the interests both of their prince and of their country, have, under pretence of the rights of war, permitted the greatest outrages.—Sordid and ignoble characters! calculated to corrupt an army, and to make a nation deserted. Should you ever have such officers under your command, you cannot watch their conduct too narrowly. How much more noble are such instances as the following!

"When Bresse was taken by storm from the Venetians, the chevalier Bayard saved a house from plunder whither he had retired to have a dangerous wound dressed which he received in the siege; and secured the mistress of the family and her two daughters, who were hid in it. At his departure, the lady, as a mark of her gratitude, offered him a casket containing two thousand five hundred ducats; which he obstinately refused. But observing that his refusal was very displeasing to her, and not wishing to leave her dissatisfied, he consented to accept of her present; and, calling to him the two young ladies, to take his leave of them, he presented each of them with a thousand ducats, to be added to their portion, and left the remaining five hundred to be distributed among the inhabitants that had been plundered.

"Gonsalvo, surnamed the Great Captain, took Naples by storm in the year 1503; and when some of his soldiers expressed their disapprobation at not having had a sufficient share in the spoil of that rich city, Gonsalvo nobly replied—'I will repair your bad fortune. Go to my apartment: take there all you can find; I give it all into your hands.'

"It is, indeed, at the dreadful crisis of entering a town by storm, that it becomes more peculiarly necessary to watch with severity the conduct of the soldiers in the article of humanity. On such occasions, the fatigues perhaps of a protracted or vexatious siege, the intoxication of triumph, sometimes, as in the last example, a thirst for plunder, are effectual in producing excesses of cruelty and barbarity, which, in all civilized nations, have long been banished from every kind of contest in the open field. Should you, my son, in the course of your service, be the witness of a scene of this nature, I charge you, by every principle of your duty as a man and as an officer, to exert yourself to prevent such shameful disorder, and to preserve the wreath of your victory undefiled with the stains of murder or of cowardice; for both these are included in the slaughter of unarmed inhabitants and of a conquered foe. A writer remarks, that it is incontestible that the military spirit is the bulwark and defence of a state, and must be carefully kept up and sustained; but, like a dog that is kept to guard a house, must be chained up, and seldom let loose, lest he should fall upon those even whom he was intended to protect.

"The Russians took by storm the city of Narva, which was defended, on the part of Sweden, by general Horn. In defiance of the express orders of the emperor, the cruel and unsparing Russian soldiery carried fire and destruction into every quarter of the town, slaughtering the inhabitants without mercy. Peter the Great threw himself, sword in hand, into the midst of the massacre; and forced the defenceless women and children from his merciless and savage troops, who were upon the point of putting them all to death. He killed, with his own hand, no less than fifty of his ferocious soldiers, whom the heat of the carnage rendered deaf to his voice; and at last succeeded so far as to curb the fury of this unlicensed scene, and to collect his dispersed and scattered troops.

"The conqueror, covered with dust, with sweat, and with blood, hastened to the town-house, where the principal inhabitants of the place had taken refuge. His terrible and threatening air greatly alarmed these unhappy people. As soon as he had entered the hall, he laid his sword upon a table; then addressing himself to the affrighted multitude, who waited their doom in anxious silence, 'Be assured (said he) that it is not with the blood of your fellow citizens this sword is stained, but with that of my own soldiers, whom I have been sacrificing for your preservation.'

"When the Germans and the En-

glish attempted the reduction of Barcelona for the archduke, Lord Peterborough, who never liked this enterprise, and who foresaw that it must be a tedious business, had actually given orders for re-embarking the English troops; when intelligence was brought to him that the prince of Darmstadt, his rival, was killed. On receiving this news, he vigorously pressed the reduction of a place in which no one could now divide with him the glory of the achievement. The viceroy, a weak man, seeing a powerful enemy without and a seditious people within the walls, determined to surrender.

" He accordingly treated with Lord Peterborough at the gates of the town: the articles were not signed, when, on a sudden, their ears were assaulted with loud cries and clamour. 'You deal treacherously with us (said the viceroy to Lord Peterborough); we are honourably capitulating, and your troops are now entering the town by the ramparts.' 'You mistake (replied the earl); these must be the troops of the prince of Darmstadt. There is now only one way of saving the place; which is, to admit me instantly with my English forces; I will quiet every thing, and will then return to the gate to finish the capitulation.'

" He spoke with an air of so much truth and openness, as, joined to the sense of the present danger, induced the governor to comply. He was permitted, accordingly, to enter the town, and found the Germans and Catalans already employed in pillaging the houses of the principal citizens. He immediately drove them from their quarters, and compelled them to relinquish the booty on which they had seized. He found the duchess de Popoli in the hands of the soldiers, and upon the point of being dishonoured: he rescued her, and sent her to her husband. In fine, having restored every thing to tranquillity, he returned to the gate, and signed the capitulation. The Spaniards were absolutely confounded to find in the English so much magnanimity; the common people having always looked upon them as merciless barbarians, *because they were protestants.*

" The Turks having invaded the Ukraine on the side of Russia, that empire sent two numerous armies to repel the invaders. The one was commanded by count Lasci, an Irish gentleman of great courage and experience; which broke through the Turkish entrenchments, and ravaged Crim Tartary with fire and sword. The other army was under the command of count Munich, destined for the destruction of Oczakow. In this army, the late Mr. Keith, governor of Berlin, and field marshal of the Prussian forces, was then a lieutenant in the service of the czarina. By his valour and skill, at the head of eight thousand men, the place above mentioned was invested and taken; at least, the success was chiefly attributed to him. In storming this city, he gave such instances of tenderness and humanity, as diffused additional lustre round his military glory; for, while the furious Muscovites were sanguine in their revenge, he checked their ferocity, and exhorted them to spare the lives of their enemies. Among others, he rescued a child of six years of age from the hands of a Cossack, who had already lifted up his scymetar to cut off her head, as she was struggling to extricate herself out of some rubbish, in which she had been entangled. Her father, being a Turkish grandee of some eminence, had been anxious to dispose of her suitably to her rank; but she was now an orphan, and Mr. Keith, not knowing how to provide for her himself, sent her to the lord-marshal his brother, who brought her up in the principles of the church of England, and educated her in the most liberal manner. He treated her in every respect as if she had been his own daughter; and, as she grew up, gave her the charge of his house, where she did the honours of the table, and behaved herself with such affectionate fidelity and exemplary discretion, that the saving this young innocent from destruction may be deemed not the least considerable of Mr. Keith's services.

" A general who is constantly impressed with the recollection that the fate of thousands of his fellow-creatures is entrusted to his hands, and who is actuated by a conviction of the principle, that war will not justify any cruelty or severity beyond what is necessary for the effect and safety of it's operations, will seek to attain

his purposes by the means which are attended with the smallest sum of misery and calamity, as well to the contending rival forces, as to the unarmed inhabitants of the country which happens to be the seat of hostilities.* The dreadful massacres in South America, by which millions of poor Indians were savagely extirpated, have rendered the Spanish name detestable on that vast continent. One of the generals of this nation, however, was not insensible to the dictates of humanity. He was desirous to spare the effusion of blood, and to owe his conquest to the more innocent arts of stratagem. With this view, he proposed to the chiefs of certain nations who adored the sun, that either of the two parties which appeared to be visibly protected by heaven should reign over the other, who, moreover, should embrace their religion; that the Americans, therefore, should implore the assistance of the sun, while the Spaniards should invoke the protection of the invisible and supreme being whom they adored as Lord of the sun and the whole world. This being consented to, the next day the Spanish general assured the American chiefs that he had been praying to the true God to obscure the splendour of that great luminary which his enemies worshipped; that by such a signal he might subdue them to his laws, and to the dominion of the king of Spain. 'In two hours (added the crafty Spaniard) this will certainly happen.' He knew that there would be an eclipse precisely at that time; and the poor Indians, not having the least idea of astronomy, were so astonished to see the prediction of the Spaniard fulfilled, that from that moment they submitted themselves to the religion and government of Spain.

"Some beautiful instances are recorded in history of the affection and humanity of sovereigns toward their subjects, even when the latter have shown themselves under circumstances of disloyalty or rebellion. Of this nature is the example, just quoted, of Cæsar (who might now be considered as in some degree the master of his countrymen) at the battle of Pharsalia; when he called out to his soldiers to spare the Roman citizens—those in the army of Pompey, his rival and antagonist.

"Alphonsus, king of Naples and Sicily, was all goodness and mercy. He had besieged the city of Cajeta, that had insolently rebelled against him; and the city, being distressed for want of necessary provisions, sent out all their old men, women, and children, and such as were unserviceable, and shut their gates against them. The king's council advised that they should not be permitted to pass, but should be forced back again into the city; by which means, he would speedily become the master of it. The king, pitying the distressed multitude, suffered them to depart, though he knew it would occasion the protraction of the siege. But, when he could not take the city, some were so bold as to tell him, that it had been his own, in case he had not dealt in this manner. 'But (said the king) I value the safety of so many persons at the rate of a hundred such towns as this.'*

"* Bonaparte is said to have forced the bridge of Lodi, from an impulse of vanity, in front of the Austrian cannon, at the expence of six thousand of his best troops; when, at the distance of a few miles, he might have forded the river with an inconsiderable loss.

"His first operations on landing in Egypt, as described by the officers of his own army, are almost too shocking for recital. 'We advanced (say the writers of the Letters xxi and xxii, in the Intercepted Correspondence, published by authority) with an army of twenty-five thousand men against Alexandria; a place without any defence, and garrisoned by five hundred janissaries. The charge is sounded, our soldiers fly to the ramparts, which they scale, in spite of the obstinate defence of the besieged; many of our generals are wounded, but courage at length subdues the obstinacy of the Turks. Repulsed on every side, they betake themselves to God and their prophet, and fill their mosques. Men, women, old, young, children at the breast, ALL are massacred.' This horrid scene continued four hours. 'We lost one hundred and fifty men, who,' as well as the slaughtered inhabitants, 'might have been preserved by our only summoning the town; but it was thought necessary to begin by striking terror into the enemy!'

"* A more singular example is that of Louis XV, who, while before the

" Henry IV of France, while be sieging Paris, which the inhabitants had put in possession of his enemies, suffered all who were willing to quit that obstinate and deluded capital to pass through his army; adding, 'I am not astonished that the heads of the League and the Spaniards have so little pity upon those poor people; they are only their tyrants; but for me, who am their father and their king, I cannot bear the recital of what they suffer from famine and pestilence without horror, and without desiring to alleviate it.'

" James II, after having been forced to abdicate the throne of England, and remaining for some time an exile abroad, landed in Ireland with a body of foreign troops, which were joined by considerable numbers of the natives. King William, in person, led his forces against the deposed monarch; and an engagement between the two armies ensued on the banks of the Boyne. James, who was a witness of the action from an adjacent hill, seeing a temporary success gained by his party, cried out, 'Oh! spare my English subjects!'

" As bright an example occurs of humanity in an individual toward a descendant of this last mentioned unfortunate monarch.

" After the defeat of prince Charles, son of the Pretender, at Culloden, and the dispersion of his little army, this young adventurer, who had already experienced so many disasters, wandered, without succour, sometimes with two companions of his misfortunes, sometimes with only one, and at length quite alone, pursued incessantly by those who wished to gain the price set upon his head. Having one day travelled ten leagues on foot, exhausted with hunger and fatigue, he entered the house of a man whom he knew not to be in his interests. 'The son of your king (says he to him) is come to ask of you bread and clothing. I know very well that you are my enemy; but I believe you so much a man of honour, as not to abuse my confidence and my misfortunes. Take the wretched tatters that now cover me; preserve them; and you may, perhaps, one day bring them to me to the palace of the kings of Great Britain.' The gentleman, impressed with the proper sensation at this occurrence, gave him every succour that his situation allowed, and kept the secret inviolable.

" Some time afterward, this same gentleman was accused of having afforded an asylum in his house to prince Charles, and was cited before the judges to answer this accusation. He presented himself to them with a firmness that virtue alone can give, and thus addressed them: 'Allow me, before I am interrogated upon this matter, to ask you, which of you, if the son of the Pretender had taken refuge under your roof, would have had the baseness and the cowardice to betray him.' At this question, the tribunal broke up, and the accused person was dismissed.

" The following anecdote exhibits a most admirable example of humanity on one side, and of heroical greatness of mind on the other. In the late war, a republican general besieging one of the fortresses in Germany, received a message that the commander was willing to capitulate. A cartel of capitulation was accordingly proposed, and the two commanders, accompanied by their officers, attended. A proposal was made by the commander of the fortress to save the emigrants. The French general expressed, in the most animated terms, his regret that he was not master of the fate of these unfortunate members of society, since the commissaries of the convention with his army would not consent to any thing in their favour. It was then proposed to suffer two loaded waggons to depart from the town unsearched; but this was objected to on the same grounds.

" Lastly, an emigrant officer addressed the republican commander. 'General (said he), from your generous feelings, I expect that you will save me individually: I speak German as well as if I were a native of Germany, and if you will give me a certificate that I was a German and a spy, I shall be safe!' The general wrote the desired certificate, and pre-

walls of Menin, in Flanders, was told, that if he chose to risk an attack, that place would be taken four days sooner than it otherwise would be. 'Let us take it then (said he) four days later. I would rather lose these four days than one of my subjects.'

sented it with these words: 'May it save your life—and my head from the guillotine!' The noble emigrant, taking the paper, and tearing it to pieces, said—'I will never accept of so precious and so dear a present.'

"In the moment of triumph, the intoxication of success may excuse all sensibility to the loss of those multitudes who fall in the heat of the combat; but, when the battle is decided, it belongs only to the most ferocious and cruel natures to pursue further the shedding of blood. Generous spirits feel then no other impulse than compassion, and the most impetuous courage instantly yields with pleasure to the sweeter influence of humanity. Did even the strongest reasons exist for irritation against the enemy, the truly brave man will consider it as mean and cowardly to take away the life of him whom he has vanquished and disarmed.

"The duke de Chartres, afterward duke of Orleans and regent of France, took incredible pains, after an action, to help the wounded of each party into the waggons. 'After the combat is over (said he), there are no longer enemies upon the field of battle.'

"A noble individual instance of humanity is that of the admirable Sir Philip Sidney, at the battle near Zutphen, where he displayed the most undaunted courage. He had two horses killed under him; and, whilst mounting a third, was wounded by a musquet-shot out of the trenches, which broke the bone of his thigh. He returned about a mile and a half, on horseback to the camp; and, being faint with the loss of blood, and probably parched with thirst, thro' the heat of the weather, he called for drink. It was presently brought him; but, as he was putting the vessel to his mouth, a poor wounded soldier, who happened to be carried by him at that instant, looked up to it with wishful eyes. The gallant and generous Sidney took the bottle from his mouth, just when he was going to drink, and delivered it to the soldier, saying—'His necessity is yet greater than mine.'

"Never forget, my son, the following maxim, which, though invariably true, is too little regarded, namely, 'that for us to be completely happy, those about us must be allowed to be happy also.' Be cautious of unnecessarily making one individual wretched; the remorse that will follow upon such a crime will poison all your future days.

"To reflect justly is a function of the mind; to feel sensibly the impulse of these reflections, is the pleasure of the heart; but to find our own happiness in that of others, this surely is the most exquisite and refined delight of which human nature is susceptible." vol. i. p. 153.

XXXV. THE SPIRIT OF THE PUBLIC JOURNALS, FOR 1803; *being an Impartial Selection of the most exquisite Essays and Jeux d'Esprits, principally Prose, that appear in the Newspapers and other Publications: with explanatory Notes and Anecdotes of many of the Persons alluded to. vol. 7. To be continued annually.* 12*mo.* 400 *pages.* 6*s. Ridgway.*

FROM this truly heterogeneous collection, with which the public are by this time well acquainted, take the two following epistles, worthy of preservation.

"*Stephen Sorrowful's Lamentation.*

"Mr. Editor,

"I am that insulated being called an Old Bachelor, a creature wearisome to myself and beloved by no one. I have spent the noon of my days in a single state, from the dread of incurring the expenses incident to a married life with a woman who had nothing; and now sorely do I repent that I had not generosity enough to overlook this consideration in favour of a charming girl that I truly loved, and who wanted nothing but fortune to recommend her. I was formerly clerk to her father, then a merchant of great respectability, but some years after greatly reduced by the unfortunate turn of affairs in the late contest between us and America. When he failed, I was settled in the world, and might have saved his amiable girl from many a year of fatigue and distress, into which their poverty im-

mersed them; but, with sang froid, for which I now detest myself, I then stood aloof, tore my thoughts from the sweet Eliza, and, driving forward into the heart of the city, determined to lose myself in the recesses of counting-houses and the accumulation of money; thus avoiding all the plagues and expenses of a family, for which I deemed the society of an elegant and affectionate woman by no means an equivalent. Alas! Mr. Editor, I now see how I miscalculated; how much such a partnership would have been for my advantage in the long run. I now put the mutual participation of pleasure and pain, the endearments of our children, that flattering interest which Eliza would have taken in me, for whom, by the way, nobody now cares a straw—I put all these on the credit side of the ledger, and find in the opposite page only such a portion of expenses as I have actually brought upon myself, by being drawn in to give tavern dinners, and a thousand other extravagancies that young men know not how to avoid. You will easily see, when a just account is made out, what I have gained, or, rather, what I have lost. Instead of the bright hearth and smiling faces of my family, instead of sitting down in the midst of beings who owe life to me, and portioning out their little meal with the delicious sensations of a father, I take my solitary chop at a coffee house, and afterwards saunter to the theatre, where venal beauty spreads her net, and I am caught! Alas, here is no mind, here is no modesty, to make sentiment interesting. After having seen a public entertainment with Eliza, with what delight might we have passed the remainder of the evening! her taste and sensibility would have made us live the hours over again with additional pleasure; her bosom would have been my harbour in the storms of life, and there I should have found resources from ennui in the calm season of prosperity; in the day of sickness, her voice could have whispered comfort; and, in my dying hour, the pure invocations of my children might have availed me at the throne of grace. What a sad reckoner have I been, Mr. Editor! I am now as grey as a badger, and have not a single relative in the world; I have long retired from business, but my fortune brings me no enjoyment, my dog leads nearly as rational a life; I eat, and drink, and sleep, alternately, as he does, for I now fear to become the prey of some indigent dame, who would overlook my grey hairs and infirmities, in consideration of coming in for a third of my wealth, and therefore avoid much commerce with the sex, from which, though I might once have derived happiness, I can now only expect trick, or, at best, ridicule. But what can a man do who has let avarice run away with him in his youth, when all the social affections should have been at their out-posts to prevent it?—All that remains for such a man (after the example of a culprit going to execution) is, to warn the multitude how they fall into this error; to assure them that the good which is not participated is not half enjoyed; and that those who abandon a young woman from motives like mine, as they do not deserve happiness, so they never will obtain it. And, moreover, Mr. Editor, if you print this, please to add, that an equal mixture of love and prudence forms the only and most delicious conserve they will have the faculty of relishing all their life long: either, taken separately, is prejudicial; one being too austere, and the other too sweet; they must be blended, to render them happily effective, and if any persons have skill enough to make up the composition after my recipe, I shall not have bemoaned myself, nor you have inserted this, in vain.

"I am, Sir, your's, &c.

"STEPHEN SORROWFUL."

"*Complaint of Sophia Myrtle.*

"Sir,

"Since you have admitted the complaints of an Old Bachelor, you surely will not treat an Old Maid with less civility. I am one of that despised sisterhood, very much against my inclination, I assure you; and, if you please, will give you my history in a few words. When quite a girl, I was in a similar situation to that of Mr. Sorrowful's Eliza. My lover had spared no pains to make a lasting impression on my heart, and succeeded so well, that I was for many years in the habit of drawing involuntary com-

parisons in his favour, from the appearance of every man who said civil things to me; and, with the constancy of an heroine, kept his idea 'unmixed with baser matter,' till he was pleased to quit my vivacious ladyship, the bloom of two and twenty yet glowing on my cheek, for a deformed piece of antiquity, attractive for nothing but her wealth. Touched by that, as if by the spear of Ithuriel, he started up into his proper form, and I lost him for ever. I did as I suppose most young women do in such cases: in public, I laughed away all appearance of grief, and stayed up at night, to weep unobserved. My sorrow, some time after, assumed a softer tone: and I wrote very pathetic odes to despair, ingratitude, &c. &c. till time and pride swept away the last trace of tenderness, and left on the tablet of the mind nothing by which to remember the circumstance, except a tolerable quantity of double-refined contempt.

"By this time, I was in the sober latitude of thirty, and near being put upon the woful list of stale virginity, when a man, many years older than myself, paid me a particular attention, and repressed for a time the prognostics of the withered community, who feared I might yet escape them. From the similarity of our tastes and dispositions, I began to hope that I might, though late, meet with happiness, or, at least, avoid the ridicule attendant on old-maidism, of which I had a very absurd dread. 'This lover of mine (thought I) has passed that hey-day of the passions which hurries men into inconstancy; though he is not so desperately fond, I think I may depend on having him all to myself. Well! all is for the best; I once never thought I could like any man but Edward; but time changes one strangely. Nevertheless, the same sensations do not recur with the same force as for him; that can happen but once, and perhaps this man's mind may be better adapted to my contracted powers of susceptibility than one of a warmer and a finer texture would be.'

"Thus, you see, Sir, I settled this second affair quite to my mind, and seemed willing to accommodate myself to such a mixed kind of enjoyment as fate appeared to design for me. I now inquired after houses to let at moderate rents, became acquainted with the secrets of marketting at low prices, and interested myself greatly in the reported addition of taxes. But while I was thus laudably endeavouring to fit myself for a good housewife, lo! my man of moderation flies off, and leaves me for the roses and lilies of sixteen!

"However, his deserts overtook him time enough. The girlish playfulness that had bewitched him from me presently shewed itself in a multitude of unpleasant forms when kept up by the wife. He soon had to contend with obstinacy, ill-nature, and contradiction, which extreme youth and beauty in madam made her think she had a right to display. 'She would weep when he was disposed to be merry, and laugh like a hyena when he was inclined to sleep;' admit gentlemen to her toilette, buy her millinery in Bond-street, and rattle home at four in a morning from a card-party. In short, she led him a most delectable life, and, if I could have enjoyed revenge, his predicament would have furnished me with a treat. But I am not made up of such ungentle elements; I sometimes, even now, heave a sigh for his fate; and, though he has lost my esteem for ever, I feel quite as much sorrow for his wretchedness as resentment at his conduct.

"Don't you think, good Mr. Editor, that it is pity such a liberal-hearted creature as myself should be thus excluded from some of the most endearing connexions in nature? With the first man who won my heart, I would have braved every danger, and struggled with every difficulty; and for the second, altho' perhaps I might not have been quite so active, I certainly would have done my best to brighten his autumnal days, and to jog with him down October-hill with as equal a pace as might be.

"Except that my own caprices have not occasioned my misfortunes, I think my case much harder than that of Mr. Sorrowful; and if you, Mr. Editor, deem the prayers of vestals efficacious, you may secure mine at the trifling expense of inserting this, that the world may see our sisterhood is not composed merely of decayed

beauties or unsocial spirits, but sometimes the unwelcome retreat into which those of elegant desires and wounded sensibility are too often plunged by the versatility of the other sex.

" I am, Sir,

" Your humble Servant,

p. 51. " SOPHIA MYRTLE."

XXXVI. LETTERS ON THE STUDY AND USE OF ANCIENT AND MODERN HISTORY: *containing Observations and Reflections on the Causes and Consequences of those Events which have produced conspicuous Changes in the Aspect of the World and the General State of Human Affairs. By* JOHN BIGLAND, *Author of Reflections on the Resurrection and Ascension.* 12*mo.* 500 *pages.* 6*s. Williams.*

THIS instructive and well-written volume exhibits a wide range of historic information; and the author has thus explained it's nature in the

" PREFACE.

" The utility of historical information being universally acknowledged, an attempt to facilitate it's acquisition cannot fail of meeting with the approbation of the public, and it's appearance in the world will be exempted from the necessity of apology. It may not, however, be amiss to exhibit a sketch of the plan.

" To comprise a history of the world in a work of so limited an extent, would appear a ridiculous attempt; and yet, perhaps, so much as is worth retaining in the memory might be brought within a narrow compass. The most uninteresting narratives of battles and sieges, of desolation and carnage, a thousand times repeated and swelled with a long train of well-authenticated, and often merely ideal, circumstances, may amuse vulgar minds, but can afford little entertainment to an intelligent reader, whose ideas are more enlarged, and who desires to form a comprehensive view of things. The inquisitive mind, desirous of drawing from history a true picture of human existence, contemplates the origin and progress of the arts and sciences, of systems and opinions, and civilization and commerce; in fine, of the whole mass of human improvements, and the progressive advancement of society. The details of those important affairs are either totally wanting in the records of past ages, or obscure and uncertain. No more than general views can therefore be obtained. The reader who peruses history with a view to render it a source of general information, to acquire a facility of application and readiness of allusion to moral events, with their causes and consequences, and to the political, religious, and social, society of mankind, in the different periods of time, will endeavour to fix in his mind the leading facts, the outlines and decisive turns, of human affairs, the important events which have in a particular manner changed the aspect of the world, determined the opinions, or fixed the destiny, of a considerable part of mankind.

" To facilitate the acquisition and remembrance of the most important, the most interesting, and, indeed, the only essential, part of historical knowledge, is the design of the following essay. A summary of the leading facts of ancient and modern history is brought forward in chronological order, divided into ten distinct periods, of which the first includes the whole space of time from the earliest records to the subversion of the Babylonian monarchy: the second contains the space between the establishment of the Persian empire by Cyrus, and it's overthrow by Alexander: the third comprises the time which elapsed from the reign of Alexander to the coming of Christ: and the fourth begins at the christian æra, and ends at the elevation of Constantine to the sovereignty of the Roman empire: the reign of that prince, on account of it's singular importance and conspicuous effects, is distinctly considered as the fifth period: from the death of Constantine to the final subversion of the empire constitutes the sixth period: the seventh begins at the subversion of the Roman empire, and continues to the reign of Charlemagne: the eighth begins at the death of Charlemagne, and continues till the fifteenth century, which

was peculiarly characterized by the revival of letters, the invention of printing, the discovery of America, the extension of commerce, &c.: the ninth comprehends that age of enterprise and adventure which begins at the middle of the fifteenth and continues to near the end of the sixteenth century: and the tenth period commences from that important æra, and exhibits a general view of modern times. The historical basis of the work is founded on the authority of the most intelligent historians. Among the moderns, Dr. Russel, Dr. Robertson, L'Abbé Raynal, Mr. Gibbon, Mr. de Messance, Mr. Du Cange, and M. de Montesquieu, besides a great number of others, have been consulted; and nothing of an unauthenticated nature is advanced. Reflections, rather than details of facts, constitute the historical summary, serving only as a necessary basis for observation. The intention of the author has been to render it conducive to the information of those who are but little acquainted with historical reading, and who have neither leisure nor inclination to peruse the numerous and prolix treatises which constitute the mass of historical information, as well as to make it an useful remembrancer to those who are conversant in history, and have perused more circumstantial details of those things which are here exhibited in a general representation. The whole design is, to exhibit a concentrated view of the history of mankind, to delineate the state of the human mind under all it's various modifications arising from external and adventitious causes. To perform this well, is, however, no easy task. The narrations ought to be concise and expressive, the representations just and picturesque, the investigations accurate and clear, the observations applicable and striking, the reflections just and appropriate. How far the author has succeeded in his attempt, is left to the judgment of intelligent readers. The utility of the design will scarcely be called in question; the public must decide on the merits of the execution." p. vii.

The second letter will give the reader an idea of it's execution.

"You know it has been observed by many good judges of human nature, and even asserted by some who were qualified to speak experimentally on the subject, that the reading of history has a powerful tendency to excite martial ideas, and to determine youthful and inexperienced minds to a military life. It is related by some historians, that when the Goths had been converted to christianity, and had the sacred Scriptures translated into their language, it was thought advisable to omit, in that translation, the books of the Kings and the Chronicles, on account of the frequent relations of war and slaughter, lest the perusal of such narratives should stimulate their warlike and savage minds to deeds of violence, to which they were naturally so inclined; and lest, by a fatal mistake, they should think that war, conquest, and rapine, were sanctioned by the religion they had embraced. If this be true, it clearly shews the opinion which the enlightened men of that age had of the influence which narratives of military achievements have on ignorant and untutored minds. This influence, however, is founded not solely on the plan of narration which historians have so generally adopted, but is, in a great measure, derived from the misconception of readers or their want of reflection.

"The minds of youth may, indeed, easily be misled by that indiscriminate and unqualified praise too often given to those whose military talents have proved successful in the field; even sometimes when those talents or those successes have been employed to enable them to usurp thrones to which they had no title, or to extend their conquests over countries where they could claim no right of sovereignty. But the reader must consider himself accountable for his own error, if he suffer himself to imbibe romantic ideas or form erroneous conclusions for want of making just and appropriate reflections on the actions and events of human life and their consequences. A little reflection would not only give him a clear view of the crimes of many of the great characters of history, but also convince him of the extreme uncertainty of military honours.

"We must allow, in it's fullest extent, the intrinsic value and indisputable respectability of military ta-

lents, when rightly employed; it is the abuse alone of them that is condemnable. The military station is, or ought to be, honourable; but the necessity of it's existence is a moral evil; and to delight in war, is criminal. True courage consists in resisting misfortune or aggressions as much and as long as possible; and, if further resistance be found impossible, in bearing adversity with a noble magnanimity, and suffering with a steady and unshaken fortitude; but an inclination to inflict evil on others is not a characteristic of true courage but of savage ferocity. We cannot too highly honour those who, when called out to the defence of their country, distinguish themselves by their courage and conduct in the field. Military skill, and undaunted presence of mind amidst the horrors and dangers of war, united with an invariable love of peace, characterize the true hero; while a sanguinary delight in war and bloodshed is the unequivocal mark of a barbarian, and consistent only with the character of an Attila, a Bajazet, or a Tamerlane.

"If those who delight to peruse the history of military achievements understood, or would consider, the nature of war, they would perceive upon what an infinite variety of unforeseen and seemingly trivial accidents the success of a campaign or a military expedition depends; and discover, that the combined exertions of a multitude of subordinate warriors, from the chief of a division to the private soldier, must contribute to the success of the action and the glory of the commander.

"If we make a just estimation of human actions, we shall find that the greatest part of the heroes of history merited the name of robbers and murderers, rather than the title of conquerors; but the folly of mankind too often loads with pompous applause those characters which are worthy of their detestation, and, instead of holding any place in the remembrance of posterity, should

'Rest forgot with mighty tyrants gone,
Their statues moulder'd and their names unknown.'

"We shrink with horror at the idea of the human sacrifices offered by the Phœnicians, the Carthaginians, and some other nations of antiquity; by the Mexicans, not above three centuries ago; and even at this day by several nations dispersed over the islands of the Pacific Ocean, and recently discovered by our modern circumnavigators; and we cannot but look with a mixture of pity, contempt, and abhorrence, on the people who offer those horrid oblations. By what strange delusion, then, does it happen, that when we see a man on the altar of whose ambition and avarice more human victims have been immolated, perhaps, in one day than any of the above-mentioned nations sacrifice in half a century—by what strange delusion, I say, does it happen, that we can willingly fall down and worship the blood-besmeared idol? If, indeed, the hero had, by the prowess of his single arm, hewn down the ranks of the enemy and laid his thousands and his tens of thousands in the dust, we might, perhaps, revere him as a superior, although a malevolent, being, and through the terror of his name fall down before the great destroyer. But, alas! we see in the mighty conqueror no more than a man, weak and infirm like ourselves, who, in personal strength and courage, is, perhaps, inferior to several private soldiers in the ranks of his own and the enemy's armies, and possesses no natural endowment of body or mind by which he could, in equal circumstances, distinguish himself above many individuals among the unnoticed multitude which follows his standard.

"If the writers of history have dazzled the eyes of posterity, by painting in brilliant colours the achievements of the celebrated destroyers of mankind, their readers often mislead themselves by not reflecting on the concomitant circumstances of actions and events. In reading the exploits of an Alexander, a Scipio, a Hannibal, or a Cæsar, or of other more modern warriors, we follow the chief with an attentive eye, we admire his martial abilities, and feel ourselves interested in his fate, without so much as bestowing a thought on the nameless multitude of vulgar warriors falling by his side, or once reflecting on the numerous victims which are sacrificed before the glitter-

ing idol is placed on the altar of fame. If every one whose mind is fired with military enthusiasm could promise himself the attainment of all the fame and glory he could desire, ambition would admit of some excuse; but those who wish to obtain a name by the desolation of the world and the destruction of their fellow-creatures would do well to consider, that glory and fame cannot be the portion of all; and that in the Roman legions there was but one Cæsar, and only one Alexander in the army which conquered Persia. Of all the subordinate officers who served under these and other celebrated conquerors, how few are enrolled in the annals of military glory! how few of their names have been transmitted to posterity! although, without doubt, many of those secondary heroes were equal, both in skill and courage, to the commander in chief. The commanders of detachments and divisions, although the success of the general plan of operations depends, in a principal degree, upon their abilities, seldom are fortunate enough to have their names noticed by posterity, while that of the general stands high in the annals of the age. The eyes of mankind are always fixed on the commander in chief. Although Cæsar, in his Commentaries, is not backward in acknowledging the merit and relating the actions of his officers, we know very little of their character or their abilities. Much of the perils and fatigues of the Gallic war was their's; the glory of the conquest is all his own. The great commanders who served under Alexander, although they were men of consummate military abilities, soldiers of approved skill and courage, trained to arms under the warlike banners and instructed by the lessons of his father Philip, would scarcely have been heard of by posterity, had they not seized on and divided among themselves the dominions of their victorious master, exterminated his family, brought each other's grey hairs in blood to the grave, and rendered themselves still more conspicuous by their crimes than by their political and military abilities.

"If we studied history in a philosophical manner, we should, in reading the narrative of a campaign, instead of having our attention wholly fixed on the fate of the general, contemplate also the hardships undergone by the brave soldiers who compose his army, and to whose valour and exertions he stands indebted for his success and his glory. If we considered the nameless and numberless multitudes of warriors who fall, not only by the sword, but by sickness, famine, and fatigue, the inseparable concomitants of war, and sink into the grave undistinguished and unknown, we should be enabled to make a more exact estimate of the horrors of war, and should easily and clearly perceive, that those brilliant exploits which shine with such a dazzling lustre in the page of history, although they may be no more than amusing comedies to those who read or hear of them at a distance, are real tragedies to a very great number of the actors concerned in them, as well as to thousands of others, who are involved in their consequences.

"If history were studied as it ought, the most tragical relations which disfigure it's ensanguined pages might be made conducive to our instruction and subservient to our rational amusement. If we did but reflect on the tears of the widows and orphans, and imagine ourselves to hear the groans of the wounded and dying; if we represented to ourselves the splendid and warlike appearance of an army at it's first taking the field, contrasted with the distressful spectacle of it's shattered remains after a hard fought battle or a bloody campaign, we should be thunderstruck at the reflection, and contemplate with horror the dreadful effects of the human passions. A mind well organized would, from such considerations, derive both instruction and entertainment; an entertainment tragical indeed; but which, by exciting emotions of pity, gives pleasure to the feeling and compassionate mind." p. 17.

(To be concluded in our next.)

A COMPLETE

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